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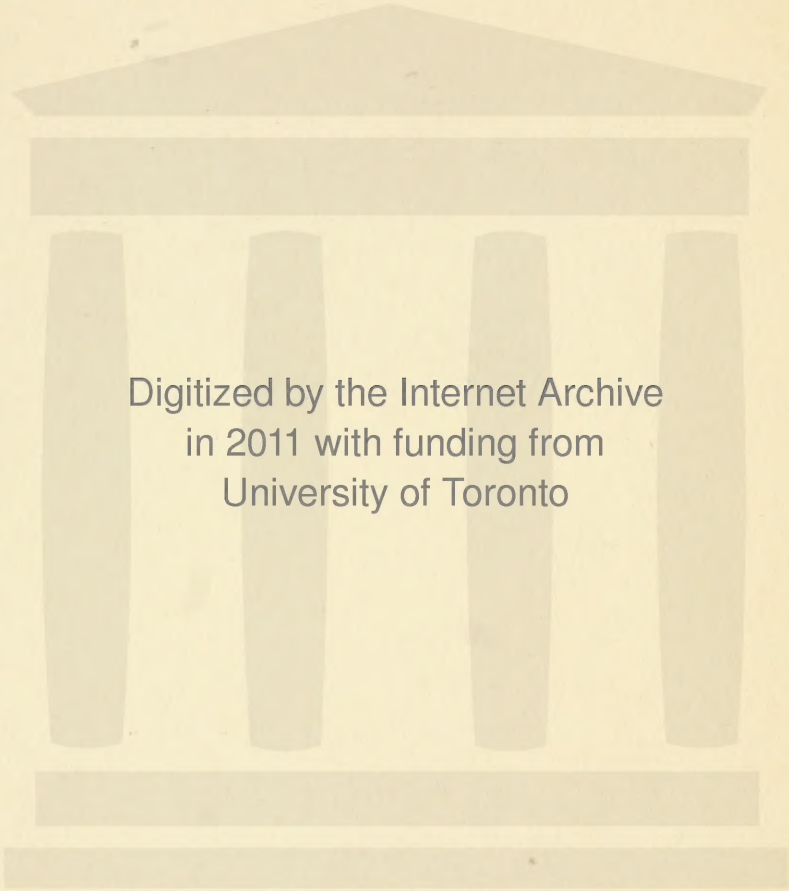
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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Englishmen for my Money

OR

A Woman will have her Will

BY

WILLIAM HAUGHTON.

1616

Date of the first known edition, ... 1616.

(*British Museum C* 34. *c.* 30.)

Other editions were issued in 1626 *and* 1631.

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 38.]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

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1616.

There are copies of the original edition of this play in the British Museum and Bodleian Libraries.

It was entered in "Henslowe's Diary" (Feb. 1597-8) and licensed (in 1601) under the secondary title: the first and second editions, however, bear the full description, and only in the third impression occurs any curtailment. From Henslowe it appears that William Haughton was the author.

Mr. J. A. Herbert of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum after comparing this facsimile with the original copy says "the reproduction is quite excellent . . . I have nothing but praise to express."

JOHN S. FARMER.

ENGLISH-MEN For my Money:

OR,

A pleaſant Comedy, called,

A Woman will haue her Will.

Imprinted at London by W. White, dwelling in Cow-lane. 1616.

The Actors names.

MVSEVM BRITAN NICVM

Piſaro, a Portingale.

Laurentia, } *Piſaros* Daughters.
Marina, }
Mathea, }

Anthony, a Schoolemaiſter to them.

Haruie, }
Ferdinand, or *Heigham*, } Suters to *Piſaros* Daughters.
Ned, or *Walgraue*, }

Delion, a Frenchman, }
Aluaro, an Italian, } Suters alſo to the 3. daughters.
Vandalle, a Dutchman, }

Friſco a Clowne, *Piſaros* man.

M. Moore.

Towerſon a Marchant.

Balſaro.

Browne a Clothier

A Poſt.

A Belman.

Enter PISARO.

Piſaro.

HOw ſmugge this gray-eyde Morning ſeemes to bee,
A pleaſant ſight; but yet more pleaſure haue I
To thinke vpon this moyſtning Southweſt Winde,
That driues my laden Shippes from fertile *Spaine*:
But come what will, no Winde can come amiſſe,
For two and thirty Windes that rules the Seas,
And blowes about this ayerie Region;
Thirtie two Shippes haue I to equall them:
Whoſe wealthy fraughts doe make *Piſaro* rich:
Thus euery Soyle to mee is naturall:
Indeed by birth, I am a *Portingale*,
Who driuen by Weſterne winds on *Engliſh* ſhore,
Heere liking of the ſoyle, I maried,
And haue Three Daughters: But impartiall Death
Long ſince, depriude mee of her deareſt life:
Since whoſe diſceaſe, in *London* I haue dwelt:
And by the ſweete loude trade of *Uſurie*,
Letting for Intereſt, and on Morgages,
Doe I waxe rich, though many Gentlemen
By my extortion comes to miſerie:
Amongſt the reſt, three *Engliſh* Gentlemen,
Haue pawnde to mee their Liuings and their Lands:
Each ſeuerall hoping, though their hopes are vaine,
By mariage of my Daughters, to poſſeſſe
Their Patrimonies and their Landes againe:
But Gold is ſweete, and they deceiue them-ſelues;
For though I guild my Temples with a ſmile,
It is but *Iudas*-like, to worke their endes.

But ſoft, What noyſe of footing doe I heare?

Enter Laurentia, Marina, Matheo, and Anthony.

Laur. Now Maiſter, what intend you to read to vs?
Anth. *Piſaro* your Father would haue me read morall *Philoſophy.*
Mari. What's that?
Anth. Firſt tell mee how you like it?
Math. Firſt tell vs what it is.
Piſa. They be my Daughters and their Schoole-maiſter, *Piſaro*, not a word, but liſt their talke.
Anth. Gentlewomen, to paint *Philoſophy*,
Is to preſent youth with ſo ſowre a diſh,
As their abhorring ſtomackes nill digeſtes.
When firſt my mother *Oxford* (*Englands* pride)
Foſtred mee puple-like, with her rich ſtore,
My ſtudy was to read *Philoſophy*:
But ſince, my head-ſtrong youths vnbridled will,
Scorning the leaden fetters of reſtraint,
Hath prunde my feahers to a higher pitch.
Gentlewomen, Morall *Philoſophy* is a kind of art,
The moſt contrary to your tender ſexes;
It teacheth to be graue: and on that brow,
Where Beawtie in her rareſt glory ſhines,
Plants the ſad ſemblance of decayed age:
Thoſe Weedes that with their riches ſhould adorne,
And grace faire Natures curious workmanſhip,
Muſt be conuerted to a blacke fac'd vayle,
Griefes liuerie, and Sorrowes ſemblance:
Your food muſt be your hearts aboundant ſighes,
Steep'd in the briniſh licquor of your teares:
Day-light as darke-night, darke-night ſpent in prayers
Thoughts your companions, and repentant mindes,
The recreation of your tired ſpirits:
Gentlewomen, if you can like this modeſtie,
Then will I read to you *Philoſophy*.

Laur

Laur. Not I.
Mari. Fie vpon it.
Math. Hang vp *Philoſophy*, Ile none of it.
Piſar. A Tutor ſaid I; a Tutor for the Diuell.
Anth. No Gentlewomen, *Anthony* hath learn'd
To read a Lector of more pleaſing worth.
Marina, read theſe lines, young *Haruie* ſent them,
There euery line repugnes *Philoſophy*:
Then loue him, for he hates the thing thou hates.
Laurentia, this is thine from *Ferdinande*:
Thinke euery golden circle that thou ſee'ſt,
The rich vnualued circle of his worthe.
Mathea, with theſe Gloues thy *Ned* ſalutes thee;
As often as theſe, hide theſe from the Sunne,
And Wanton ſteales a kiſſe from thy faire hand,
Preſents his ſeruiceable true harts zeale,
Which waites vpon the cenſure of thy doome:
What though their Lands be morgag'd to your Father;
Yet may your Dowries redeeme that debt:
Thinke they are Gentlemen, and thinke they loue;
And be that thought, their true loues aduocate.
Say you ſhould wed for Wealth; for to that ſcope
Your Fathers greedy diſpoſition tendes,
The world would ſay, that you were had for Wealth,
And ſo faire Beawties honour quite diſtinct:
A maſſe of Wealth being powrde vpon another,
Little augments the ſhew, although the ſumme;
But beeing lightly ſcattred by it ſelfe,
It doubles what it ſeem'd, although but one:
Euen ſo your ſelues, for wedded to the Rich,
His ſtile was as it was, a Rich man ſtill:
But wedding theſe, to wed true Loue, is dutie:
You make them rich in Wealth, but more in Beawtie:
I need not plead that ſmile, that ſmile ſhewes hearts con-
That kiſſe ſhew'd loue, that on that gift was ſent: (ſen-
And laſt thine Eyes, that teares of true ioy ſendes,

As comfortable tidings for my friends. (procure,
Mari. Haue done, haue done; what need'ſt thou more
When long ere this I ſtoop'd to that faire lure:
Thy euer louing *Hæruie* I delight it:
Marina euer louing ſhall requite it young.
Teach vs *Philoſphy*? Ile be no *Nunne*;
Age ſcornes Delight, I loue it being:
There's not a word of this, not a words part,
But ſhall be ſtamp'd, ſeal'd, printed on my heart;
On this Ile read, on this my ſenſes ply:
All Arts being vaine, but this *Philoſophy*.
Laur. Why was I made a Mayde, but for a Man?
And why *Laurentia*, but for *Ferdinand*?
The chaſteſt Soule theſe Angels could intice?
Much more himſelfe, an Angell of more price:
were't thy ſelfe preſent, as my heart could wiſh,
Such vſage thou ſhouldſt haue, as I giue this.
Anth. Then you would kiſſe him?
Laur. If I did, how then?
Anth. Nay I ſay nothing to it, but *Amen.*
Piſa. The Clarke muſt haue his fees, Ile pay you them.
Math. Good God, how abiect is this ſingle life,
Ile not abide it; Father, Friends, nor Kin,
Shall once diſſwade me from affecting:
A man's a man; and *Ned* is more then one:
Yfayth Ile haue thee *Ned*, or Ile haue none;
Doe what they can, chafe, chide, or ſtorme their fill,
Mathea is reſolu'd to haue her will.
Piſa. I can no longer hold my patience.
Impudent villanie, and laciuious Girles,
I haue ore-heard your vild conuerſions:
You ſcorne *Philoſophy*: You'le be no *Nunne*,
You muſt needes kiſſe the Purſſe, becauſe he ſent it.
And you forſooth, you flurgill, minion,
A brat ſcant folded in the dozens at moſt,
Youle haue your will forſooth; What will you haue?

Math.

Math. But twelue yeare old? nay Father that's not ſo,
Our Sexton told mee I was three yeares mo.

Piſa. I ſay but twelue: you'r beſt tell mee I lye.
What ſirra *Anthony.* *Anth.* Heere ſir.

Piſa. Come here ſir, & you light huſwiues get you in:
Stare not vpon me, moue me not to ire: *Exeunt ſiſters.*
Nay ſirra ſtay you here, Ile talke with you:
Did I retaine thee (villaine) in my houſe,
Gaue thee a ſtipend twenty Markes by yeare,
And haſt thou thus infected my three Girles,
Vrging the loue of thoſe, I moſt abhord;
Vnthrifts, Beggers; what is worſe,
And all becauſe they are your Country-men?

Anth. Why ſir, I taught them not to keepe a Marchants Booke, or caſt accompt: yet to a word much like that word Accounte.

Piſa. A Knaue paſt grace, is paſt recouerie.
Why ſirra *Friſco,* Villaine, Loggerhead, where art thou?

Enter Friſco, the Clowne.

Friſc. Heere's a calling indeed; a man were better to liue a Lords life and doe nothing, then a Seruing creature, and neuer be idle. Oh Maiſter, what a meſſe of Breweſſe ſtandes now vpon the poynt of ſpoyling by your haſtineſſe; why they were able to haue got a good Stomacke with child euen with the ſight of them; and for a Vapour, oh precious Vapour, let but a Wench come neere them with a Painted face, and you ſhould ſee the Paint drop and curdle on her Cheekes, like a peece of dry Eſſex Cheeſe toaſted at the fire.

Piſa. Well ſirra, leaue this thought, & minde my words,
Giue diligence, inquire about
For one that is expert in Languages,
A good Muſitian, and a *French-man* borne;
And bring him hither to inſtruct my Daughters,
Ile nere truſt more a ſmooth-fac'd *Engliſh-man.*

Friſc. What, muſt I bring one that can ſpeake Languages,

ges? what an old Aſſe is my Maiſter; why he may ſpeake *flaunte taunte* as well as *French*, for I cannot vnderſtand him.

Piſa. If he ſpeake *French*, thus he will ſay; *Awee awee*: What, canſt thou remember it?

Friſc. Oh, I haue it now, for I remember my great Grandfathers Grandmothers ſiſters cooſen told mee, that Pigges and *French-men*, ſpeake one Language, *awee awee*; I am Dogg at this: But what muſt he ſpeake elſe?

Piſa. Dutch. *Friſc.* Let's heare it?

Piſa. Haunce butterkin ſlowpin.

Friſ. Oh this is nothing, for I can ſpeake perfect *Dutch* when I liſt.

Piſa. Can you, I pray let's heare ſome?

Friſc. Nay I muſt haue my mouth full of Meate firſt, and then you ſhall heare me grumble it foorth full mouth, as *Haunce Butterkin ſlowpin frokin*: No, I am a ſimple *Dutch-man*: Well, Ile about it.

Piſa. Stay ſirra, you are too haſtie; for hee muſt ſpeake one Language more.

Friſc. More Languages? I truſt he ſhall haue Tongues enough for one mouth: But what is the third?

Piſa. Italian.

Friſ. Why that is the eaſieſt of all, for I can tell whether he haue any *Italian* in him euen by looking on him.

Piſa. Can you ſo, as how?

Friſc. Marry by theſe three poynts; a Wanton Eye, Pride in his Apparell, and the Diuell in his Countenance. Well, God keepe me from the Diuel in ſeeking this *French-man*: But doe you heare mee Maiſter, what ſhall my fellow *Anthony* doe, it ſeemes he ſhall ſerue for nothing but to put *Latin* into my young Miſtreſſes. *Exit Friſco.*

Piſa. Hence aſſe, hence loggerhead, begon I ſay.
And now to you that reades *Philoſophy*,
Packe from my houſe, I doe diſcharge thy ſeruice,
And come not neere my dores; for if thou doſt,
Ile make thee a publike example to the world.

Hythe.

Antho. Well crafty Fox, you that worke by wit,
It may be, I may liue to fit you yet. *Exit Antho.*
Piſa. Ah ſirra, this tricke was ſpide in time,
For if but two ſuch Lectures more they'd heard,
For euer had their honeſt names been marde:
Ile in and rate them: yet that's not beſt,
The Girles are wilfull, and ſeueritie
May make them careleſſe, mad, or deſperate.
What ſhall I doe? Oh! I haue found it now,
There are three wealthy Marchants in the Towne,
All Strangers, and my very ſpeciall friendes,
The one of them is an *Italian:*
A *French-man*, and a *Dutch-man*, be the other:
Theſe three intyrely doe affect my Daughters,
And therefore meane I, they ſhall haue the tongues,
That they may anſweare in their ſeuerall Language:
But what helpes that? they muſt not ſtay ſo long,
For whiles they are a learning Languages,
My Engliſh Youths, both wed, and bed them too:
Which to preuent, Ile ſeeke the Strangers out,
Let's looke: tis paſt aleauen, Exchange time full,
There ſhall I meete them, and conferre with them,
This worke craues haſt, my Daughters muſt be Wedde,
For one Months ſtay, ſayth farrewell Mayden head.
Exit.

Enter Haruie, Heigham,
and Walgraue.

Heigh. Come Gentlemen, w'are almoſt at the houſe,
I promiſe you this walke ore Tower-hill,
Of all the places London can afforde,
Hath ſweeteſt Ayre, and fitting our deſires.
Haru. Good reaſon, ſo it leades to Croched-Fryers
Where old *Piſaro*, and his Daughters dwell,
Looke to your feete, the broad way leades to Hell:
They ſay Hell ſtandes below, downe in the deepe,

Ile downe that Hill, where ſuch good Wenches keepe,
But ſirra *Ned*, what ſayes *Mathea* to thee?
Wilt fadge? wilt fadge? What, will it be a match?
Walg. A match ſay you? a miſchiefe twill as ſoone:
Sbould I can ſcarce begin to ſpeake to her,
But I am interrupted by her father.
Ha, what ſay you? and then put ore his ſnoute,
Able to ſhaddow *Powles*, it is ſo great.
Well, tis no matter, ſirrs, this is his Houſe,
Knocke for the Churle bid him bring out his Daughter;
Ile, sbloud I will; though I be hanged for it,
Heigh. Hoyda, hoyda, nothing with you but vp & ride,
Youle be within, ere you can reach the Dore,
And haue the Wench, before you compaſſe her:
You are too haſtie, *Piſaro* is a man,
Not to be fedde with Words, but wonne with Gold.
But who comes heere?

Enter Anthony.

Walg. Whom, *Anthony* our friend?
Say man, how fares our Loues? How doth *Mathea*?
Can ſhe loue *Ned*? how doth ſhe like my ſute?
Will old *Piſaro* take me for his Sonne;
For I thanke God, he kindly takes our Landes,
Swearing, Good Gentlemen you ſhall not want,
Whilſt old *Piſaro*, and his credite holds:
He will be damn'd the Roage, before he do't?
Haru. Prethy talke milder: let but thee alone,
And thou in one bare hower will aske him more,
Then heele remember in a hundred yeares:
Come from him *Anthony*, and ſay what newes?
Antho. The newes for me is badd; and this it is:
Piſaro hath diſcharg'd me of his ſeruice.
Heigh. Diſcharg'd thee of his ſeruice; for what cauſe?
Anth. Nothing, but that his Daughters learne *Philoſophy*.
Haru. Maydes ſhould reade, that it teacheth modeſtie.

Anthe.

Antho. I, but I left out mediocritie,
And with effectuall reaſons, vrgd your loues.
Walg. The fault was ſmall, we three will to thy Maiſter
And begge thy pardon.
Antho. Oh, that cannot be,
Hee hates you farre worſer, then he hates me;
For all the loue he ſhewes, is for your Lands,
Which he hopes ſure will fall into his hands:
Yet Gentlemen, this comfort take of me,
His Daughters to your loues affected be:
Their father is abroad, they three at home,
Goe chearely in, and ceaſe that is your owne:
And for my ſelfe, but grace what I intend,
Ile ouerreach the Churle, and helpe my Frend.
Heigh. Build on our helpes, and but deuiſe the meanes.
Antho. *Piſaro* did commaund *Friſco* his man,
(A ſimple ſotte, kept onely but for myrth)
To inquire about in *London* for a man,
That were a *French-man* and Muſitian,
To be (as I ſuppoſe) his Daughters Tutor:
Him if you meete, as like enough you ſhall,
He will inquire of you of his affayres;
Then make him anſwere, you three came from *Paules*,
And in the middle walke, one you eſpide,
Fit for his purpoſe; then diſcribe this Cloake,
This Beard and Hatte: for in this borrowed ſhape,
Muſt I beguile and ouer-reach the Foole:
The Maydes muſt be acquainted with this drift.
The Doore doth ope, I dare not ſtay reply,
Leaſt beeing diſcride: Gentlemen adue,
And helpe him now, that oft hath helped you. *Exit.*

Enter Friſco the Clowne.

Wal. How now ſirra, whither are you going?
Friſ. Whither am I going, how ſhall I tell you, when I doe not know my ſelfe, nor vnderſtand my ſelfe?

Heigh. What doſt thou meane by that?

Friſc. Marry ſir, I am ſeeking a Needle in a Bottle of Hay, a Monſter in the likneſſe of a Man: one that in ſtead of good morrow, asketh what Porrage you haue to Dinner, *Parley vous ſignior?* one that neuer waſhes his fingers, but lickes them cleane with kiſſes; a clipper of the Kings Engliſh: and to conclude, an eternall enemie to all good Language.

Haru. What's this? what's this?

Friſ. Doe not you ſmell me? Well, I perceiue that witte doth not always dwel in a Satten-dublet: why, tis a *French-man*, *Baſsimon cue*, how doe you?

Haru. I thanke you ſir, but tell me what wouldeſt thou doe with a *French-man:*

Friſ. Nay fayth, I would doe nothing with him, vnleſſe I ſet him to teach Parrets to ſpeake: marry the old Aſſe my Maiſter, would haue him to teach his Daughters, though I truſt the whole world ſees, that there be ſuch in his houſe that can ſerue his Daughters turne, as well as the proudeſt *French-man*: but if you be good laddes, tell me where I may finde ſuch a man?

Heigh. We will, goe hye thee ſtraight to *Paules*,
There ſhalt thou find one fitting thy deſire;
Thou ſoone mayſt know him, for his Beard is blacke,
Such is his rayment, if thou runn'ſt appace,
Thou canſt not miſſe him *Friſco*.

Friſ. Lord, Lord, how ſhall poore *Phriſco* reward you rich tydings Gentlemen: I am yours till Shrouetewesday, for then change I my Coppy, & looke like nothing but Red-Herring Cobbes, and Stock-Fiſh; yet Ile doe ſomewhat for you in the meane time: my Maiſter is abroad, and my young Miſtreſſes at home: if you can doe any good on them before the *French-man* come, why ſo? Ah Gentlemen, doe not ſuffer a litter of Languages to ſpring vp amongſt vs: I muſt to the Walke in *Paules*, you

to

to the Veſtrie. Gentlemen, as to my ſelfe, and ſo foorth.

Exit Friſco,

Haru. Fooles tell the truth men ſay, and ſo may he:
Wenches we come now, Loue our conduct be.
Ned, knocke at the doore: but ſoft forbeare;

Enter Lawrentia, Marina, and Mathea.

The Cloude breakes vp, and our three Sunnes appeare.
To this I fly, ſhine bright my liues ſole ſtay,
And make griefes night a glorious ſummers day.

Mari. Gentlemen, how welcome you are here,
Gueſſe by our lookes, for other meanes by feare
Preuented is: our fathers quicke returne
Forbidds the welcome, elſe we would haue done.

Walg. Mathea, How theſe faythfull thoughts obey,

Mat. No more ſweet loue, I know what thou would'ſt (ſay:
You ſay you loue me, ſo I wiſh you ſtill,
Loue hath loues hier, being ballanc't with good will:
But ſay; come you to vs, or come you rather
To pawne more Lands for mony to our father?
I know tis ſo, a Gods name ſpend at large:
What man? our mariage day will all diſcharge;
Our father (by his leaue) muſt pardon vs,
Age ſaue of age, of nothing can diſcuſſe:
But in our loues, the prouerbe weele fulfill:
Women and Maydes, muſt alwayes haue their will.

Heigh. Say thou as much, and adde life to this Coarſe,

Law. Your ſelfe & your good news doth more enforce:
How theſe haue ſet forth loue by all their witte,
I ſweare in heart, I more then double it.
Siſters be glad, for he hath made it playne,
The meanes to get our Schoole-maiſter againe:
But Gentlemen, for this time ceaſe our loues,
This open ſtreete perhaps ſuſpition moues,
Fayne we would ſtay, bid you walke in more rather,

But that we feare the comming of our father:
Goe to th'Exchange, craue Gold as you intend,
Piſaro ſcrapes for vs; for vs you ſpend:
We ſay farewell, more ſadlier be bold,
Then would my greedy father to his Gold:
Wee here, you there, aske Gold; and Gold you ſhall:
Weele pay the intreſt, and the principall. *Exeunt Siſters.*
Walg. That's my good Girles, and Ile pay you for all.
Harn. Come to th'Exchange, and when I feele decay,
Send me ſuch Wenches, Heauens I ſtill ſhall pray. *Exeunt.*

Enter Piſaro, Delion the Frenchman, Vandalle the Dutchman, Aluaro the Italian, and other Marchants, at ſeuerall doores.

Piſa. Good morrow, M. Strangers.
Strang. Good morrow ſir.
Piſaro. This (louing friends) hath thus emboldned me,
For knowing the affection and the loue
Maiſter *Vandalle*, that you beare my Daughter:
Likwiſe, and that with ioy conſidering too,
you *Mounſier Delion*, would faine diſpatch:
I promiſe you, mee thinkes the time did fit,
And does bir-Lady too, in mine aduice,
This day to clap a full concluſion vp:
And therefore made I bold to call on you,
Meaning (our buſineſſe done here at the *Burſe*)
That you at mine intreaty ſhould walke home,
And take in worth ſuch Viands as I haue:
And then we would, and ſo I hope we ſhall,
Looſely tye vp the knot that you deſire,
But for a day or two; and then Church rites
Shall ſure conforme, confirme, and make all faſt.
Vand. Seker Meſter *Piſaro*, mee do ſo groterly dancke you, dat you macke mee ſo ſure of de Wench, datt ic can neit dancke you genough.
Delio. Monſieur *Piſaro*, mon pere, mon Vadere, Oh de grande

grande ioye you gineme (oconte) mee ſal go home to your Houſe, ſal eat your Bakon, ſal eat your Beeſe, and ſhal tacke de Wench, de fine Damoyſella.

Piſa. You ſhall, and welcome; welcome as my ſoule:
But were my third Sonne ſweete *Aluaro* heere,
Wee would not ſtay at the Exchange to day,
But hye vs home and there end our affayres.

Enter Moore, and Towerſon.

Moore. Good day maiſter *Piſaro*.

Piſa. Maiſter *Moore*, marry with all my heart good morrow ſir; What newes? What newes?

Moore. This Marchant heere my friend, would ſpeake with you.

Tower. Sir, this iolly South-weſt wind with gentle blaſt,
Hath driuen home our long expected Shippes,
All laden with the wealth of ample *Spaine*,
And but a day is paſt ſince they ariude
Safely at *Plimmouth*, where they yet abide.

Piſa. Thankes is too ſmall a guerdon for ſuch newes.
How like you this Newes friends? Maiſter *Vandalle*,
Heer's ſomewhat towards for my Daughters Dowrie:
Heer's ſomewhat more then we did yet expect.

Tower. But heare you ſir, my buſineſſe is not done;
From theſe ſame Shippes I did receiue theſe lines,
And there incloſde this ſame Bill of exchange,
To pay at ſight; if ſo you pleaſe accept it.

Piſa. Accept it, why? What ſir ſhould I accept,
Haue you receiued Letters, and not I?
Where is this lazie villaine, this ſlow Poaſt:
What, brings he euery man his Letters home,
And makes mee no bodie; does hee, does hee?
I would not haue you bring me counterfeit;
And if you doe, aſſure you I ſhall ſmell it:
I know my Factors writing well enough.

Tower. You doe ſir; then ſee your Factors writing:

I ſcorne as much as you, to counterfeite,
Piſa. Tis well you doe ſir.

Enter Harnie, Walgraue, and *Heighun.*

What Maiſter *Walgraue,* and my other frindes:
You are growne ſtrangers to *Piſaros* houſe,
I pray make bold with me.
Walſg. I, with your Daughters
You may be ſworne, weele be as bold as may be.
Piſa. Would you haue ought with me, I pray now ſpeak.
Heigh. Sir, I thinke you vnderſtand our ſute,
By the repayring we haue had to you:
Gentlemen you know, muſt want no Coyne,
Nor are they ſlaues vnto it, when they haue:
You may perceiue our minds; What ſay you to't?
Piſa. Gentlemen all, I loue you all:
Which more to manifeſt, this after noone
Betweene the howers of two and three repaire to mee;
And were it halfe the ſubſtance that I haue,
Whilſt it is mine, tis yours to commaunde.
But Gentlemen, as I haue regard to you,
So doe I wiſh you'll haue reſpect to mee:
You know that all of vs are mortall men,
Subiect to change and mutabilitie;
You may, or I may, ſoone pitch ore the Pearch,
Or ſo, or ſo, haue contrary croſſes:
Wherefore I deeme but meere equitie,
That ſome thing may betwixt vs be to ſhew.
Heigh. M. *Piſaro,* within this two months without failo,
We will repay.

Enter Browne.

Browne. God ſaue you Gentlemen.
Gentlemen. Good morrow ſir.
Piſa. What M. *Browne,* the onely man I wiſht for,
Does your price fall? what ſhall I haue thoſe Cloathes?

For

For I would ſhip them ſtraight away for *Stoade*:
I doe wiſh you my Mony fore another.

Brow. Fayth you know my price ſir, if you haue them.

Piſa. You are to deare in ſadneſſe, maiſter *Heigham*:
You were about to ſay ſomewhat, pray proceede.

Heigh. Then this it was: thoſe Landes that are not morgag'd

Enter Poſt.

Poſt. God bleſſe your worſhip.

Piſaro. I muſt craue pardon; Oh ſirra, are you come?

Walg. Hoyda, hoyda; Whats the matter now;
Sure, yonder fellow will be torne in peeces. (about:

Haru. Whats hee, ſweete youths; that ſo they flocke,
What old *Piſaro* tainted with this madneſſe?

Heigh. Vpon my life, tis ſome body bringes newes;
The Courte breakes vp, and wee ſhall know their Coun-
Looke, looke, how buſely they fall to reading. (ſell:

Piſa. I am the laſt, you ſhould haue kept it ſtill:
Well, we ſhall ſee what newes you bring with you;
Our duty premiſed, and we haue ſent vnto your worſhip
Sacke, ſiuill Oyles, Pepper, Barbery ſugar, and ſuch other commodities as we thought moſt requiſite, we wanted mony therefore we are fayne to take vp 200. l. of Maiſter *Towerſons* man, which by a bill of Exchange ſent to him, we would requeſt your worſhip pay accordingly.
You ſhall commaund ſir, you ſhall commaunde ſir,
The newes here is, that the Engliſh ſhipes, the Fortune, your ſhipe, the aduenture and good lucke of London coaſting along by *Italy* Towards *Turky*, were ſet vpon by to *Spaniſh-galleis*, what became of them we know not, but doubt much by reaſon of the weathers calmneſſe.

Piſa How ſt ſix to one the weather calme,
Now afore God who would not doubt their ſafety,
A plague vpon theſe *Spaniſh-galli* Pirattes,

Roaring *Caribdis*, or deuowring *Scilla*,
Were halfe ſuch terrour to the anticke world,
As theſe ſame anticke Villaines now of late,
Haue made the *Straights* twixt *Spaine* and *Barbary*.
Tower. Now ſir, what doth your Factors letters ſay?
Piſa. Marrie he ſaith, theſe witleſſe luckleſſe doults,
Haue met, and are beſet with *Spaniſh* Gallies,
As they did ſaile along by *Italy*:
What a bots made the dolts neere *Italy*,
Could they not keepe the coaſt of *Barbary*,
Or hauing paſt it, gone for *Tripoly*,
Being on the other ſide of *Sicily*,
As neere, as where they were vnto the *Straights*:
For by the Gloabe, both *Tripoly* and it,
Lie from the *Straights* ſome twentie fiue degrees;
And each degree makes three-ſcore engliſh miles?
Tower. Very true ſir: But it makes nothing to my Bill of exchange: this dealing fits not one of your account.
Piſa. And what fits yours? a prating wrangling toung,
A womans ceaſeleſſe and inceſſant babling,
That ſees the world turnd topſie turuie with me;
Yet hath not ſo much witte to ſtay a while,
Till I bemone my late exceſsiue loſſe.
Walg. S'wounds tis dinner time, Ile ſtay no longer:
Harke you a word ſir.
Piſa. I tell you ſir, it would haue made you whine
Worſe then if ſhooles of luckleſſe croking Rauens,
Had ceaſd on you to feed their famiſht paunches:
Had you heard newes of ſuch a rauenous rout,
Ready to ceaſe on halfe the wealth you haue.
Wal. Sbloud you might haue kept at home & be hangd,
What a pox care I. *Enter a Poſt.*
Poſt. God ſaue your worſhip, a littlemony and ſo forth.
Piſa. But men are ſenceleſſe now of others woe,
This ſtony age is growne ſo ſtony harted,
That none reſpects their neighbours miſeries,

I wiſh (as Poets doe) that Saturnes times
The long out worne world weare in vſe againe,
That men might ſayle without impediment.

Poſt. I marry ſir that were a merry world indeede, I would hope to gette more mony of your worſhip in one quarter of a yeare, then I can doe now in a whole twelue-moneth. *Enter Balſaro.*

Balſa. Maiſter *Piſaro* how I haue runne about,
How I haue toyld to day to finde you out,
At home, abroade, at this mans houſe, at that,
Why I was here an hower agoe and more,
Where I was tould you were, but could not finde you.

Piſa. Fayth ſir I was here but was driuen home,
Heres ſuch a common hant of Crack-rope boyes,
That what for feare to haue m'appardll ſpoyld,
Or my Ruffes durted, or Eyes ſtrucke out:
I dare not walke where people doe expect mee:
Well, things (I thinke) might be better lookt vnto,
And ſuch Coyne to, which is beſtowde on Knaues,
Which ſhould, but doe not ſee things be reformd,
Might be imployde to many better vſes:
But what of beardleſſe Boyes, or ſuch like traſh;
The *Spaniſh* Gallies: Oh, a vengeance on them.

Poſt. Maſſe, this man hath the lucke on't, I thinke I can ſcarce euer come to him for money, but this a vengeance on, and that a vengeance on't, doth ſo trouble him, that I can get no Coyne: Well, a vengeance on't for my part; for he ſhall fetch the next Letters him ſelfe.

Browne. I prethee, when think'ſt thou the Ships will be come about from *Plimmouth?* *Poſt.* Next weeke, ſir.

Heigh. Came you ſir from *Spaine* lately?

Poſt. I ſir; Why aske you that?

Ha. Marry ſir, thou ſeemes to haue bin in the hot countries, thy face looks ſo like a peece of ruſty Bacon: had thy Hoſt at *Plimmoth* meat enough in the houſe, whē thou wert there?

Poſt. What though he had not ſir? but he had, how then?

Haru. Marry thanke God for it; for otherwiſe, he would doubtles haue Cut thee out in Raſhers to haue eaten thee; thou look'ſt as thou weart through broyld already.

Poſt. You haue ſayd ſir; but I am no meate for his moing, nor yours neither: If I had you in place where, you ſhould find me tough enough in diſgeſtion, I warrant you.

Walgr. What will you ſwagger ſirra, will yee ſwagger?

Brow. I beſeech you Sir, hold your hand; Gette home yee patch, cannot you ſuffer Gentlemen leſt with you?

Poſt. Ide teach him a Gentle tricke and I had him of the burſe; but Ile watch him a good turne I warrant him.

Moor. Aſſure yee maiſter *Towerſon*, I cannot blame him,
I warrant you it is no eaſie loſſe;
How thinke you maiſter *Stranger*? by my fayth ſir,
Ther's twentie Marchants will be ſorry for it,
That ſhall be partners with him in his loſſe.

Stra. Why ſir, whats the matter.

Moor. The Spaniſh-gallies haue beſette our ſhippes,
That lately were bound out for *Siria*.

March. What not? I promiſe you I am ſorry for it.

Walg. What an old Aſſe is this to keepe vs here:
Maiſter *Piſaro*, pray diſpatch vs hence.

Piſa. Maiſter *Vandalle* I confeſſe I wronge you;
But Ile but talke a word or two with him, and ſtraight turne to you.
Ah ſir, and how then yfayth?

Heigh. Turne to vs, turne to the Gallowes if you will,

Haru. Tis Midſomer-Moone with him: let him alone,
He call's *Ned Walgraue*, Maiſter *Vandalle*. (*Piſaro.*

Walg. Let it be ſhrouetide, Ile not ſtay an ynche maiſter

Piſa. What ſhould you feare: ende as I haue vow'd before,
So now againe; my Daughters ſhalbe yours:
And therefore I beſeech you and your friendes,
Deferre your buſineſſe till Dinner time;
And what youd ſay, keepe it for table talke.

Haru.

Harv. Marrie and ſhall; a right good motion:
Sirrs, old *Piſaro* is growne kind of late,
And in pure loue, hath bid vs home to dinner.
Heigh. Good newes in truth: But wherfore art thou ſad?
Walg. For feare the ſlaue ere it be dinner time,
Remembring what he did, recall his word:
For by his idle ſpeaches, you may ſweare,
His heart was not confederat with his tongue.
Harv. Tut neuer doubt, keepe ſtomacks till anone,
And then we ſhall haue cates to feede vpon.
Piſa. Well ſir, ſince things doe fall ſo croſely out,
I muſt diſpoſe my ſelfe to patience:
But for your buſineſſe, doe you aſſure your ſelfe,
At my repayring home from the Exchange,
Ile ſet a helping hand vnto the ſame.

Enter Aluaro the Italian.

Alua. *Bon iurno ſigneour Padre*, why be de malancollie ſo much, and graue in you a: wat Newes make you looke ſo naught?
Piſa. Naught is too good an epithite by much,
For to diſtinguiſh ſuch contrariouſneſſe:
Hath not ſwift Fame told you our ſlow ſailde Shippes
Haue been ore-taken by the ſwift ſaile Gallies,
And all my cared-for goods within the lurch
Of that ſame Catterpiller brood of *Spaine*.
Alua. Signor ſi, how de Spaniola haue almoſt tacke de Ship dat go for Turkie: my Pader, harke you me on word, I haue receiue vn lettre from my Factor de *Venniſe*, dat after vn piculo battalion, for vn halfe howre de come a Winde fra de North, & de Sea go tumble here, & tumble dare, dat make de Gallies run away for feare be almoſt drownde.
Piſa. How ſir; did the Winde riſe at North, and Seas waxe rough: and were the Gallies therefore glad to fly?
Alu. Signior ſi, & de Ship go drite on de Iſcola de *Candy*.

Piſa. Wert thou not my *Aluaro* my beloued,
One whom I know does dearely count of mee,
Much ſhould I doubt me that ſome ſcoffing lacke,
Had ſent thee in the middeſt of all my griefes,
To tell a feigned tale of happy lucke.

Alua. Wil you no beleeue me? ſee dare dan, ſee de lettre.

Piſa. What is this world? or what this ſtate of man,
How in a moment curſt, in a trice bleſt?
But euen now my happie ſtate gan fade,
And now againe, my ſtate is happie made,
My Goods all ſafe, my Ships all ſcapt away,
And none to bring me newes of ſuch good lucke,
But whom the Heauens haue markt to be my Sonne:
Were I a Lord as great as *Alexander*,
None ſhould more willingly be made mine Heyre
Then thee thou golden tongue, thou good-newes teller
Ioy ſtops my mouth. *The Exchange Bell rings.*

Balſa. M. *Piſaro*, the day is late, the Bell doth ring:
Wilt pleaſe you haſten to performe this buſineſſe?

Piſa. What buſineſſe ſir? Gods mee, I cry you mercie:
Doe it, yes ſir, you ſhall commaund me more.

Tower. But ſir, What doe you meane, doe you intend
To pay this Bill, or elſe to palter with mee?

Piſa. Marry God ſheild, that I ſhould palter with you:
I doe accept it, and come when you pleaſe;
You ſhall haue money, you ſhall haue your money due.

Poſt. I beſeech your worſhip to conſider mee.

Piſa. Oh, you cannot cogge: Goe to, take that,
Pray for my life: pray that I haue good lucke,
And thou ſhalt ſee, I will not be thy worſt maiſter.

Poſt. Marry God bleſſe your Worſhip; I came in happy time: What, a French crowne? ſure hee knowes not what, he does: Well, Ile begon, leaſt he remember himſelfe, and take it from me againe. *Exit Poſt.*

Piſa Come on my lads, M. *Vandalle*, ſweet ſonne *Aluaro*:
Come

Come don *Balſaro*, lets be iogging home
Bir laken ſirs, I thinke tis one a clocke.

Exit Piſaro, Balſaro, Aluaro, Delion, and Vandalle.

Brow. Come M. *Moore*, th'Exchange is waxen thin,
I thinke it beſt we get vs home to dinner.

Moor. I know that I am lookt for long ere this:
Come maiſter *Towerſon*, let's walke along.

Exit Moore, Brovvne, Towerſon, Strangers, & Marchant.

Heigh. And if you be ſo hot vpon your dinner,
Your beſt way is, to haſte *Piſaro* on,
For he is cold enough, and ſlow enough;
He hath ſo late digeſted ſuch cold newes.

Walg. Mary and ſhall: Heare you maiſter *Piſaro*.

Haru. Many *Piſaros* heere: Why how now *Ned*;
Where is your *Matt* your welcome, and good cheare?

Walg. Swounds, lets follow him; why ſtay we heere?

Heigh. Nay prethee *Ned Walg.* lets bethinke our ſelues,
There's no ſuch haſte, we may come time enough:
At firſt *Piſaro* bade vs come to him
Twixt two or three a clocke at after noone?
Then was he old *Piſaro*: but ſince then,
What with his griefe for loſſe, and ioy for finding,
Hee quite forgat himſelfe, when he did bid vs,
And afterward forgat, that he had bade vs.

Walg. I care not, I remember't well enough:
Hee bade vs home; and I will goe, that's flat,
To teach him better witte another time.

Haru. Heer'le be a gallantieſt, when we come there,
To ſee how maz'd the greedie chuffe will looke
Vpon the nations, ſects, and factions,
That now haue borne him company to dinner:
But harke you, lets not goe to vexe the man;
Prethee ſweet *Ned* lets tarry, doe not goe.

Walg. Not goe? indeed you may doe what you pleaſe;
Ile goe, that's flat: nay, I am gon alreadie,

Stay

Stay you two, and conſider further of it.

Heigh. Nay all will goe, if one: I prethee ſtay;
Thou'rt ſuch a raſh and giddie headed youth,
Each Stone's a Thorne: Hoyda, he skips for haſte;
Young *Haruie* did but ieſt; I know heele goe.

Walg. Nay, he may chuſe for mee: But if he will,
Why does he not? why ſtands he prating ſtill?
If youle goe, come: if not, fare-well?

Haru. Hier a Poaſt-horſe for him (gentle *Francke*)
Heer's haſte, and more haſte then a haſtie Pudding:
You mad-man, mad-cap, wild-oates; we are for you,
It bootes not ſtay, when you intend to goe.

Walg. Come away then. *Exeunt.*

Enter Piſaro, Aluaro, Delion, and Vandalle.

Piſa. A thouſand welcomes friendes: Monſier *Delion*,
Ten thouſand Ben-venues vnto your ſelfe,
Signior *Aluaro*, Maiſter *Vandalle*;
Proude am I, that my roofe containes ſuch Friends.
Why *Mall*, *Larentia*, *Matth*; Where be theſe Girles?

Enter the three Siſters.

Liuely my Girles, and bid theſe Strangers welcome;
They are my friends, your friends, and our wel-willers:
You cannot tell what good you may haue on them.
Gods mee, Why ſtirre you not? Harke in your eare,
Theſe be the men the choyſe of many millions,
That I your carefull Father haue prouided
To be your Husbands: therefore bid them welcome.

Math. Nay by my troth, tis not the guyſe of maydes,
To giue a ſlauering Salute to men: *(aſide,*
If theſe ſweete youths haue not the witte to doe it,
Wee haue the honeſtie to let them ſtand.

Vanda. Gods ſekerlin, dats vn-fra meskin, Monſieur *Delion* daré de Grote freiſſer, dare wode ic zene, tis vn-fra Daughter, dare heb ic ſo long loude, dare Heb my deſire ſo long geweſt.

Aluar.

Alua. Ah *Venice, Roma, Italia Fraancia, Anglitera,* nor all dis orbe can ſhew ſo much *belliza, veremante de ſecunda, Madona de granda bewtie.*

Delio. Certes me dincke de mine depeteta de little Angloiſe, de me Mâtreſſe *Piſaro* is vn nette, vn becues, vn fra, et vn tendra Damoſella.

Piſa. What Stocks, what ſtones, what ſencelei Truncks be theſe?
When as I bid you ſpeake, you hold your tongue:
When I bid peace, then can you prate, and chat,
And goſsip: But goe too, ſpeake and bid welcome;
Or (as I liue) you were as good you did.

Mari. I cannot tell what Language I ſhould ſpeake:
Yf I ſpeake *Engliſh* (as I can none other)
They cannot vnderſtand mee, nor my welcome.

Alua. Bella Madona, dare is no language ſo *dulce*; *dulcé,* dat is ſweete, as de language, dat you ſhall ſpeake, and de vell come dat you ſal ſay, ſal be well know perfaytemente.

Mari. Pray ſir, What is all this in *Engliſh*?

Alua. De vſa ſal vell teaſh you vat dat is; and if you ſal pleaſe, I will teaſh you to parler *Italiano.*

Piſa. And that mee thinkes ſir, not without need:
And with *Italian,* to a Childes obedience,
With ſuch deſire to ſeeke to pleaſe their Parents,
As others farre more vertuous then them ſelues,
Doe dayly ſtriue to doe: But tis no matter,
Ile ſhortly pull your haughtie ſtomacks downe:
Ile teach you vrge your Father; make you runne,
When I bid runne: and ſpeake, when I bid ſpeake:
What greater croſſe can carefull parents haue (*knock within*
Then careleſſe Children. Stirre and ſee who knocks?

Enter Hæruie, Walgraue, and Heigham.

Walgr. Good morrow to my good Miſtris *Mathea.*

Mathe. As good a morrow, to the morrow giuer.

Piſa. A murren, what make theſe? What do they heere?

Heigh. You ſee maiſter *Piſaro*, we are bold gueſtes,
You could haue bid no ſurer men then wee.
Piſa. Harke you Gentlemen; I did expect you
At after noone, not before two a clocke.
Harn. Why ſir, if you pleaſe, you ſhall haue vs heere at two a clocke, at three a clocke, at foure a clock; nay till to morrow this time: yet I aſſure you, ſir, wee came not to your houſe without inuiting.
Piſa. Why Gentlemen, I pray who bade you now?
Who euer did it, ſure hath done you wrong:
For ſcarcely could you come to worſer cheare.
Heigh. It was your owne ſelfe bade vs to your cheare,
When you were buſie with *Balſaro* talking;
You bade vs ceaſe our ſuites till dinner time,
And then to vſe it for our table talke:
And wee I warrant you, are as ſure as Steele.
Piſa. A murren on your ſelues, and ſurenes too:
How am I croſt: Gods mee, what ſhall I doe,
This was that ill newes of the *Spaniſh* Pirats,
That ſo diſturb'd mee: well, I muſt diſſemble,
And bid them welcome; but for my Daughters
Ile ſend them hence, they ſhall not ſtand and prate.
Well my Maiſters, Gentlemen, and Friends,
Though vnexpected, yet moſt heartily welcome;
(Welcome with a vengeance) but for your cheare,
That will be ſmall: yet too too much for you.
Mall, in and get things readie.
Laurentia, bid *Maudlin* lay the Cloth, take vp the Meate:
Looke how ſhe ſtirres; you ſullen Elfe, you Callet,
Is this the haſte you make? *Exeunt Marina & Laurentia.*
Alua. Signor *Piſaro*, ne ſoiat ſo malcontento de Gentlewoman your filigola did parler but a litella to, de gentle homa your graunde *amico.*
Piſa. But that graunde *amico*, is your graunde *inimico:*
One, if they be ſuffred to parlar,

Will

Will poll you, I and pill you of your Wife:
They loue togeather: and the other two,
Loues her two Sisters: but tis onely you
Shall crop the flower, that they esteeme so much.

Alua. Do dey so; vell let me lone, sal see me giue dem de such graund mocke, sal be shame of dem selues.

Pisa. Doe sir, I pray you doe; set lustily vpon them,
And Ile be ready still to second you.

Walg. But *Matt*, art thou so mad as to turne *French?*

Math. Yes marry when two Sundayes come together;
Thinke you Ile learne to speake this gibberidge,
Or the Pigges language? Why, if I fall sicke,
Theyle say, the *French* (*et-cetera*) infected mee.

Pisa. Why how now Minion; what, is this your seruice?
Your other Sisters busie are imployde,
And you stande idle: get you in, or. *Exit Mathea.*

Walg. Yf you chide her, chide me (M. *Pisaro:*
For but for mee, she had gon in long since.

Pisa. I thinke she had: for we are sprights to scare her;
But er't be long, Ile driue that humor from her.

Alua. Signor, me thincks you soud no macke de wen she so hardee, so disobedient to de padre as ditt madona *Matt.*

Walg. Signor, me thinkes you should learne to speake, before you should be so foole-hardy, as to woe such a Mayden as that *Madona Matt?*

Delie. Warrent you Monsieur, he sal parle wen you sal stande out the doure.

Haru. Harke you Monsieur, you would wish your selfe haife hang'd, you were as sure to be let in as hee.

Wan. Macke no doubt de signor *Alua.* sal do vel enough

Heigh. perhaps so: but me thinks your best way were to ship your selfe for *Stoad*, and there to batter your selfe for a commodity; for I can tell you, you are here out of liking.

Pisa. The worst perhappes dislike him, but the best esteeme him best.

Haru. But by your patience ſir, mee thinks none ſhould know better who's Lord, then the Lady.

Alua. Den de Lady, vat Lady?

Haru. Marry ſir, the Lady let her alone: one that meanes to let you alone for feare of trouble.

Piſa. Euery man as he may: yet ſometimes the blinde may katch a Hare.

Heigh. I ſir, but he will firſt eate many a Fly: You know it muſt be a wonder, if a Crab catch a Fowle.

Vand. Maer hort ens; if he & ic & monſier *Delion* bede Crab, we ſal kaſh de Fowle wel genough, I warrent you.

Walg. I, and the Foole well enough I warrant you; And much good may it doe yee.

Alua. Mee dincke ſuch a piculo man as you be, ſal haue no de ſuch grande lucke madere.

Delio. Non da Monſieur, and he be ſo granda amorous op de Damoſella, he ſal haue *Mawdlyn* de witt Wenſhe in de Kichine by malter *Piſaros* leaue.

Walg. By M. *Piſaros* leaue, *Monſieur* Ile mumble you, except you learne to know, whom you ſpeake to: I tell thee *Francois*, Ile haue (maugre thy teeth) her that ſhall make thee gnaſh thy teeth to want.

Piſa. Yet a man may want of his will, and bate an Ace of his wiſh: But Gentlemen, euery man as his lucke ſerues, and ſo agree wee; I would not haue you fall out in my houſe: Come, come, all this was in ieſt, now lets too't in earneſt; I meane with our teeth, and try who's the beſt Trencher-man. *Exeunt.*

Enter Friſco.

Friſc. Ah ſirra, now I know, what manner of thing *Powles* is; I did ſo marle afore what it was out of ail count: For my maiſter would ſay, Would I had *Powles* full of Gold. My young Miſtreſſes, and *Grimkin* our Taylor, would wiſh they had *Powles* full of Needles: I, one askt my maiſter halfe a yard of Freeze to make me a Coate and

hee

hee cride whoope holly-day, it was big enough to make *Powles* a Night-gowne. I haue been told, that Duke *Humfrie* dwelles here, and that he keeps open houſe, and that a braue ſort of Cammileres dine with him euery day; now if I could ſee any viſion in the world towards dinner, I would ſet in a foote: But the beſt is, a the auncient Engliſh romaine Orator ſaith, *So-lame-men, Miſers, Howſewiues*, and ſo foorth: the beſt is, that I haue great ſtore of companie that doe nothing but goe vp and downe, and goe vp and downe, and make a grumbling togeather, that the meate is ſo long making readie: Well, if I could meete this ſcuruie *Frenchman*, they ſhould ſtay mee, for I would be gone home.

Enter Anthony.

Antho. I beſeech you *Monſieur*, giue mee audience.

Friſc. What would you haue? What ſhould I giue you?

Antho. Pardon, ſir mine vnciuill and preſumptuous intruſion, who indeauour nothing leſſe, then to prouoke or exaſperat you againſt mee.

Friſc. They ſay, a word to the Wiſe is enough: ſo by this litle *French* that he ſpeakes, I ſee hee is the very man I ſeeke for: Sir, I pray what is your name?

Antho I am nominated *Monſieur Le Mouche*, and reſt at your *bon* ſeruice.

Friſc. I vnderſtand him partly; yea, and partly nay: Can you ſpeake French? *Content pore vous monſieur Madomo.*

Antho. If I could not ſir, I ſhould ill vnderſtand you: you ſpeake the beſt French that euer trode vpon Shoe of Leather.

Friſc. Nay, I can ſpeake more Languages then that: This is *Italian*, is it not? *Nella ſlurde Curtezana.*

Antho. Yes ſir, and you ſpeake it like a very Naturall.

Friſc. I beleeue you well: now for *Dutch:*
Ducky de doe watt heb yee ge brought.

Antho. I pray ſtop your mouth, for I neuer heard ſuch *Dutch* before brocht.

Friſc. Nay I thinke you haue not met with no pezant: Heare you M. *Mouſe*, (ſo your name is I take it) I haue conſidered of your learning in theſe aforeſaid Languages, and find you reaſonable: So, ſo, now this is the matter; Can you take the eaſe to teach theſe Tongues to two or three Gentlewomen of mine acquaintance, and I will ſee you paide for your labour.

Antho. Yes ſir, and that moſt willingly.

Friſ. Why then M. *Mouſe*, to their vſe, I entertaine yee, which had not been but for the troubles of the world, that I my ſelfe haue no leaſure to ſhew my skill: Well ſir, if youle pleaſe to walke with me, Ile bring you to them.

Exeunt.

Enter Laurentia, Marina, and Mathea.

Lauren. Sit till dinners done; not I, I ſweare: Shall I ſtay? till he belch into mine eares Thoſe ruſticke Phraſes, and thoſe Dutch French tearmes, Stammering halfe Sentences dogbolt Elloquence: And when he hath no loue for-ſooth, why then Hee tels me Cloth is deare at *Anwerpe*, and the men Of *Amſterdam* haue lately made a law, That none but *Dutch* as hee, may trafficke there: Then ſtandes he ſtill and ſtudies what to ſay; And after ſome halfe houre, becauſe the Aſſe Hopes (as he thinkes) I ſhall not contradict him, Hee tels me that my Father brought him to me, And that I muſt performe my Fathers will. Well good-man Gooſe-cap, when thou woeſt againe, Thou ſhalt haue ſimple eaſe, for thy Loues paine.

Mathe. Alas poore Wench, I ſorrow for thy hap, To ſee how thou art clog'd with ſuch a Dunce: Forſooth my Sire hath fitted me farre better, My *Frenchman* comes vpon me with the *Sa, ſa, ſa*;

Sweete

Sweete *Madam pardone moye I pra:*
And then out goes his Hand, downe goes his Head,
Swallowes his Spittle, friſsles his Beard; and then to mee:
Pardone moy miſtreſſe Mathea,
If I be bold, to macke ſo bold met you,
Thinke it go will dat ſpurres me dus vp yow.
Dan caſt neit off ſo good ande true Louer,
Madama celeſtura de la, (I know not what)
Doe oft pray to God dat me would loue her:
And then hee reckons a catalogue ofnames
of ſuch as loue him, and yet cannot get him.

Mari. Nay, but your *Monſieur's* but a Mouſe in cheeſe,
Compard with my *Signor*; hee can tell
Of Lady *Venus*, and her Sonne blind *Cupid:*
Of the faire *Scilla* that was lou'd of *Glaucus*,
And yet ſcornd *Glaucus*, and yet lou'd King *Minos*;
Yet *Minos* hated her, and yet ſhe holp'd him;
And yet he ſcorn'd her, yet ſhe kild her Father
To doe her good; yet he could not abide her:
Nay, hele be bawdy too in his diſcourſe;
And when he is ſo, he will take my Hand,
And tickle the Palme, wincke with his one Eye,
Gape with his Mouth, and

Laur. And, hold thy tongue I prethee: here's my father.

Enter Piſaro, Aluaro, Vandalle, Delion, Haruie, Walgraue, and Heigham.

Piſa. Vnmannerly, vntaught, vnnurtred Girles,
Doe I bring Gentlemen, my very friends
To feaſt with mee, to reuell at my Houſe,
That their good likings, may be ſet on you,
And you like misbehaud and ſullen Girles,
Turne tayle to ſuch, as may aduance your ſtates:
I ſhall remembert, when you thinke I doe not.
I am ſorrie Gentlemen, your cheare's no better;

But

But what did want at Board, excuſe me for,
And you ſhall haue amendes be made in Bed.
To them friends, to them; they are none but yours:
For you I bred them, for you brought them vp:
For you I kept them, and you ſhall haue them:
I hate all others that reſort to them:
Then rouſe your bloods, be bold with what's your owne:
For I and mine (my friends) be yours, or none.

Enter Friſco and Anthonie.

Friſc. God-gee god-morrow ſir, I haue brought you M. *Mouſe* here to teach my young Miſtreſſes: I aſſure you (for-ſooth) he is a braue *Frenchman*.

Piſa. Welcome friend, welcome: my man (I thinke) Hath at the full, reſolu'd thee of my will. Monſieur *Delion*, I pray queſtion him: I tell you ſir, tis onely for your ſake, That I doe meane to entertaine this fellow,

Antho. A bots of all ill lucke, how came theſe heere? Now am I poſde except the Wenches helpe mee: I haue no *French* to flap them in the mouth,

Harv. To ſee the lucke of a good fellow, poore *Anthony* Could nere haue ſorted out a worſer time: Now will the packe of all our fly deuiſes Be quite layde ope, as one vndoes an Oyſter: *Francke*, *Heigham*, and mad *Ned*, fall to your muſes, To helpe poore *Anthony* now at a pinch, Or all our market will be ſpoyld and marde.

Walg. Tut man, let vs alone, I warrant you.

Delio. Monſieur, *Vous eſtes treſbien-venu, de quell pais eſtes vous*.

Anth. Vous, thats you; ſure he ſaies, how do men call you Monſieur *le Mouche*?

Mari. Siſter, helpe ſiſter; that's honeſt *Anthonie*, And he anſwers, your woer *cuius contrarium*.

Delio. Monſieur, *Vous n'entens pas, ſe ne demaunde puit, voſtre*

voſtre name?

Math. Monſieur *Delion*, he that made your Shooes, made them not in faſhion: they ſhould haue been cut ſquare at the toe.

Delio. *Madame, my Sho met de ſquare toe, vat be dat?*

Piſa. Why ſauce-box, how now you vnreuerent mincks
Why? in whoſe Stable haſt thou been brought vp,
To interrupt a man in midſt of ſpeach?
Monſieur *Delion*, diſquiet not your ſelfe,
But as you haue begun, I pray proceed
To queſtion with this Countriman of yours.

Delio. Dat me ſal doe tres beien, but de bella Madona de iune Gentlewoman do monſtre ſome ſinge of amour to ſpeake lo me, epurce monſieur, mee ſal ſay but two tree fowre fiue word to dis francois: or ſus Monſieur *Le mouche en quelle partie de Fraunce eſties vous ne?*

Haru. *Fraunce.*

Heigh. *Ned.*

Walg. Sbloud, let mee co me.
Maiſter *Piſaro*, we haue occaſion of affaires,
Which calles vs hence with ſpeed; wherefore I pray
Deferre this buſineſſe till ſome fitter time,
And to performe what at the Exchange we ſpoke of.

Antho. A bleſsing on that tongue, ſaith *Anthony*.

Piſa. Yes marry Gentlemen, I will, I will.
Aluaro to your taske, fall to your taske,
Ile beare away thoſe three, who being heere,
Would ſet my Daughters on a merry pin:
Then chearely try your luckes; but ſpeake, and ſpeed,
For you alone (ſay I) ſhall doe the deed.

Exeunt Piſaro, Haruy, Walgraue, and Higham.

Friſc. Heare you M. *Mouſe*, did you dine to day at *Paules* with the reſt of the Gentlemen there?

Antho. No ſir, I am yet vndined.

Friſc. Mee thinkes you ſhould haue a reaſonable good

ſtomacke then by this time, as for me I can ſell nothinge within me from my mouth to my Cod-peece but all Emptie, wherefore I thinke a peece of wiſdome to goe in and ſee what Maudelin hath prouided for our Dinner maiſter Mouſe will you goe in?

Antho. With as good a ſtomacke and deſire as your ſelfe.

Friſc. Lett's paſſe in then

Exeunt Friſco, and Anthonie.

Vanda. Han ſeg you Dochtor, vor vat cauſe, voer why bede alſo much grooterlie ſtrange, Ic ſeg you wat, if datt ghy ſpeake to me, is datt ghy loue me.

Lauren. Iſt that I care not for you, iſt that your breath ſtinckes, if that your breath ſtinckes not, you muſt learne ſweeter Engliſh or I ſhall neuer vnderſtand your ſuite.

Delion. Pardone moy Madame.

Math. Withall my heart ſo you offend no more.

Delio. Is dat an offence to be amorous di one belle Gentleawoman.

Math. I ſir ſee your Belle Gentle-woman cannot be amorous of you.

Mar. Then if I were as that belle Gentlewomans louer, I would trouble her no further, nor be amorous any longer.

Aluar. Madona yet de Belleza of de face beutie deforme of all de Corpo may be ſuch datt no perriculo, nor all de mal ſhaunce, can make him leaue hir dulce viſage.

Laur. But ſignor *Aluaro* if the periculo or mal ſhaunce were ſutch, that ſhe ſhould loue and liue with an other, then the dulce viſage muſt be lefte in ſpite of the louers teeth, whilſt he may whine at his owne ill fortune.

Vanda. Datts waer matreſſe, for it is vntrue ſaying, dey wint he taught dey verleift lie ſcrat ſin gatt.

Math. And I thinke to are like to ſcratch there but neuer to claw any of my Siſters loue away.

Vand. Dan ſal your ſiſtree do gainſt her vaders will, for

for your vader ſegt dat ick ſal heb har vor mine wife.

Laur. I thinke not ſo ſir, for I neuer heard him ſay ſo, but Ile goe in and aske him if his meaning be ſo.

Mari. Harke ſiſter ſignor *Aluaro* ſayth, that I am the fayreſt of all vs three,

Laur. Beleeue him not for heele tell any lie.
If ſo he thinkes thou mayſt be pleaſd thereby,
Come goe with me and neere ſtand pratinge here,
I haue a ieſt to tell thee in thine eare,
Shall make you laugh: come let your ſignor ſtand,
I know there's not a Wench in all this Towne,
Scoffes at him more, or loues him leſſe then thou.
Maiſter *Vandalle*, as much I ſay for you;
If needes you marry with an *Engliſh* Laſſe,
Woe her in *Engliſh*, or ſheele call you Aſſe.

Math. Tut that's a *French* cogge; ſure I thinke,
There's nere a Wench in *Fraunce* not halfe ſo fond,
To woe and ſue ſo for your Mounſerſhip.

Delio. Par may foy Madame, ſhe does tincke dare is no Wenche ſo dure as you: for de Fillee was cree dulce, tendre, and amarous for me to loue hir; now me tincke dat I being ſuch a fine man, you ſhould loua me.

Mathe. So thinke not I, ſir.

Delio. But ſo tincke-eſh oder Damoſellas.

Mathe. Nay Ile lay my loue to your commaunde,
That my Siſters thinke not ſo: How ſay you ſiſter *Mall?*
Why how now Gentlemen, is this your talke?
What beaten in plaine field; where be your Maydes?
Nay then I ſee their louing humor fades,
And they reſigne their intreſt vp to mee;
And yet I cannot ſerue for all you three:
But leaſt two ſhould be madd, that I loue one,
You ſhall be all alike, and Ile loue none:
The world is ſcant, when ſo many Iacke Dawes,

Houer about one Coarſe with greedy pawes:
Yf needes youle haue me ſtay till I am dead,
Carrion for Crowes, *Mathea* for her *Ned*:
And ſo farewell, wee Siſters doe agree,
To haue our willes, but nere to haue you three. *Exeunt.*

Delio. Madama attendez, Madama: is ſhe alle? doe ſhe mockque de nows in ſuch ſort?

Vand. Oh de peſtilence, hoe if dat ick can neite deſe Engleſe ſpreake vel, it ſhal hir Fader ſeg how dit is to paſſe gecomen.

Enter Piſaro.

Aluar. Ne parlate, ſee here ſignors de Fader,

Piſa. Now Friends, now Gentlemen, how ſpeedes your worke; haue you not found them ſhrewd vnhappy girls?

Vand. Meſter *Piſaro*, de Dochter maiſtris *Laurentia* calle me de Dyel, den Aſſe, for that ic can neit engleſh ſpreken.

Alua. Ande dat we ſal no parler, dat we ſal no hauar den for de wiue.

Piſa. Are they ſo luſty? Dare they be ſo proude?
Well, I ſhall find a time to meete with them:
In the meane ſeaſon, pray frequent my houſe.

Enter Friſco running.

Ho now ſirra, whither are you running?

Friſc. About a little tiny buſineſſe.

Piſa. What buſineſſe, Aſſe?

Friſc. Indeed I was not ſent to you: and yet I was ſent after the three Gen-men that din'd here, to bid them come to our houſe at ten a clocke at night, when you were abed.

Piſa. Ha, what is this? Can this be true?
What, art thou ſure the Wenches bade them come?

Friſc. So they ſaid, vnleſſe their mindes be changed ſince: for a Woman is like a Weather-cocke they ſay, & I am ſure of no more then I am certaine of: but Ile go in and bid them ſend you word, whether they ſhall come or no.

Piſa

Piſa. No ſirra, ſtay you heere; but one word more:
Did they appoint the come one by one, or elſe al together?

Friſe. Altogether: Lord that ſuch a young man as you ſhould haue no more witt: why if they ſhould come together, one could not make rome for them; but comming one by one, theyle ſtand there if there were twenty of them.

Piſa. How this newes glads me, and reuiues my ſoule:
How ſay you ſirs, what will you haue a ieſt worth the telling; nay worth the acting: I haue it Gentlemen,
I haue it Friends.

Alua. Signor *Piſaro*, I prey de gratia watte maneire ſal we haue? wat will the parler? wat bon doe you know Signor *Piſaro*, dicheti noi ſignor *Piſaro*.

Piſa. Oh that youth ſo ſweete, ſo ſoone ſhould turne to age; were I as you, why this were ſport alone for me to doe.
Harke yee, harke yee; heere my man,
Saith, that the Girles haue ſent for Maiſter *Heigham*
And his two friends; I know they loue them dear,
And therefore wiſh them late at night be heere
To reuell with them: Will you haue a ieſt,
To worke my will, and giue your longings reſt:
Why then M. *Vandalle*, and you two,
Shall ſoone at midnight come, as they ſhould doe,
And court the Wenches; and to be vnknowne,
And taken for the men, whom they alone
So much affect; each one ſhall change his name:
Maiſter *Vandalle*, you ſhall take *Heigham*, and you
Younge *Harvie*, and monſieur *Delion Ned*,
And vnder ſhadowes, he of ſubſtance ſped:
How like you this deuice? how thinke you of it?

Delio. *Oh de braue de galliarde deuiſe*: me ſal come by de nite and contier faire de Anglois Gentlehomes. dicte nous ainſi monſieur *Piſaro*.

Piſa. You are in the right ſir.

Alua. And I ſall name me de ſignor *Haruy*, ende monſieur *Delion* ſall be de piculo ſignor *Ned*, ende when madona *Laurentia* ſall ſay, who be dare? miſter *Vandalle* ſall ſay, Oh my ſout Laide, hier be your loue Meſtro *Heigham*: Is no dis de brauiſsime, maiſter *Vandalle*?

Vanda. Slaet vp den tromele, van ick ſall come
Vp to de camerken, wan my new Wineken
Slaet vp den tromele, van ick ſall come.

Piſa. Ha, ha, ha, maiſter *Vandalle*,
I trow you will be merrie ſoone at night,
When you ſhall doe in deed, what now you hope of.

Vanda. I ſall v ſeg vader, Ick ſall teſh your Daughrer ſuch a ting, make her laugh too.

Piſa. Well my Sonnes all, (for ſo I count you ſhall)
What we haue heere deuis'd, prouide me for:
But aboue all, doe not (I pray) forget
To come but one by one, as they did wiſh.

Vanda. Mar hort ens vader, ick veite neite de wecke to your houis, hort ens ſall maiſter *Friſco* your manneken come to calle de me, and bring me to v houſe.

Piſa. Yes marry ſhall hee: ſee that you be ready,
And at the hower of eleuen ſone at night:
Hie you to *Bucklersburie* to his Chamber,
And ſo direct him ſtraight vnto my houſe:
My Sonne *Aluaro*, and monſieur *Delion*,
I know, doth know the way exceeding well:
Well, weele to the Roſe in *Barken* for an hower:
And ſirra *Friſco*, ſee you proue no blabbe.

Exeunt Piſaro, Aluaro, Delion, and Vandalle.

Friſc. Oh monſtrous, who would thinke my Maiſter had ſo much witte in his old rotten budget: and yet yfayth he is not much troubled with it neither. Why what wiſe man in a kingdome would ſende me for the *Dutchman*? Does hee thinke Ile not couſen him: Oh fine, Ile haue

haue the braueſt ſport: Oh braue, Ile haue the gallenteſt ſport: Oh come; now if I can hold behinde, while I may laugh a while, I care not: Ha, ha, ha.

Enter Anthonie.

Antho. Why how now *Friſco*, why laugheſt thou ſo hartily?

Friſc. Laugh M. *Mouſe*: Laugh, ha, ha, ha. (merry?

Antho Laugh, why ſhould I laugh? or why art thou ſo

Friſc. Oh maiſter *Mouſe*, maiſter *Mouſe*, it would make any Mouſe, Ratte, Catte, or Dogge, laugh to thinke, what ſport we ſhall haue at our houſe ſone at night: Ile tell you, all, my young Miſtreſſes ſent me after M. *Heigham* and his friendes, to pray them come to our houſe after my old Maiſter was a bed: Now I went, and I went; and I runne, and I went: and whom ſhould I meete, but my Maiſter and M. *Piſaro* and the Strangers; ſo my Maiſter very worſhipfully (I muſt needs ſay) examined me whither I went now? I durſt not tell him an vntruth, for feare of lying, but told him plainely and honeſtly mine arrande: Now who would thinke my Maiſter had ſuch a monſtrous plaguie witte, hee was as glad as could be; out of all ſcotch and notch glad, out of all count glad? and ſo ſirra he bid the three Vplandiſh-men come in their ſteades and woe my young Miſtreſſes: Now it made mee ſo laugh to thinke how they will be couſend, that I could not follow my Maiſter: But Ile follow him, I know he is gone to the Tauerne in his merry humor: Now if you will keepe this as ſecret as I haue done hitherto, wee ſhall haue the braueſt ſport ſoone, as can be. I muſt be gone, ſay nothing.

Antho. Well, it is ſo:

And we will haue good ſport, or it ſhall go hard;
This muſt the Wenches know, or all is marde.

Enter the three Siſters.

Harke you Mis. *Moll*, Mis. *Laurentia*, Mis. *Matt*,
I haue ſuch newes (my Girles) will make you ſmile.

Marin.

Mari. What be they Maiſter, how I long to heare it?

Antho. A Woman right, ſtill longing, and with child,
For euery thing they heare, or light vpon:
Well, if you be mad Wenches, heare it now,
Now may your knaueries giue the deadlieſt blow!
To night-walkers, eaueſe-droppers, or outlandiſh loue,
That ere was ſtriſten.

Math. *Anthony Mouche,*
Moue but the matter; tell vs but the ieſt,
And if you find vs ſlacke to execute,
Neuer giue credence, or beleeue vs more. (loues,

Antho. Then know: The Strangers your Outlandiſh
Appoynted by your Father, comes this night
In ſtead of *Harvie, Heigham,* and young *Ned,*
Vnder their ſhaddowes to get to your bed:
For *Friſco* ſimply told him why he went:
I need not to inſtruct, you can conceiue,
You are not Stockes nor Stones, but haue ſome ſtore
Of witte and knauerie too.

Mathe. *Anthony,* thanke
Is too too ſmall a guerdon for this newes;
You muſt be Engliſh: Well ſir ſignor ſowſe,
Ile teach you trickes for comming to our houſe.

Laur. Are you ſo craftie, oh that night were come,
That I might heare my *Dutchman* how hee'd ſweare
In his owne mother Language, that he loues me:
Well, if I quit him not, I here pray God,
I may lead Apes in Hell, and die a Mayde;
And that, were worſer to me then a hanging.

Antho. Well ſaid old honeſt huddles; here's a heape
Of merrie Laſſes: Well, for my ſelfe,
Ile hie mee to your Louers, bid them marke
With vs at night, and in ſome corner ſtay
Neere to our houſe, where they may make ſome play
Vpon your rinah, and when they are gon,

Come

Come to your windowes.

Mari. Doe ſo good Maiſter.

Antho. Peace, begon; for this our ſport,
Some body ſoone will moorne. *Exeunt.*

Enter Piſaro.

Piſa. How fauourable Heauen and Earth is ſeene,
To grace the mirthfull complot that is laide,
Nights Candles burne obſcure, and the pale Moone
Fauouring our drift, lyes buried in a Cloude:
I can but ſmile to ſee the ſimple Girles,
Hoping to haue their ſweete-hearts here to night,
Tickled with extreame ioy, laugh in my face:
But when they finde, the Strangers in their ſteades,
Theyle change their note, and ſing an other ſong.
Where be theſe Girles heere? what, to bed, to bed:
Mawdlin make faſt the Dores, rake vp the Fire;
Gods me, tis nine a clocke, harke *Bow-bell* rings: *Knocke.*
Some looke downe below, and ſee who knockes:
And harke you Girles, ſettle your hearts at reſt,
And full reſolue you, that to morrow morne,
You muſt be wedd to ſuch as I preferre;
I meane *Aluaro* and his other friendes:
Let me no more be troubled with your nayes.
You ſhall doe what Ile haue, and ſo reſolue.

Enter Moore.

Welcome M. *Moore*, welcome,
What winde a-gods name driues you foorth ſo late?

Moore. Fayth ſir, I am come to trouble you,
My wife this preſent night is brought to bed.

Piſa. To bed, and what hath God ſent you?

Moor. A iolly Girle, ſir.

Piſa. And God bleſſe her: But what's your will ſir?

Moor. Fayth ſir, my houſe being full of Friends,
Such as (I thanke them) came to ſee my wife?

I would requeſt you, that for this one night,
My daughter Suſan might be lodged here.
Piſa. Lodge in my houſe, welcome withall my heart,
Matt harke you, ſhe ſhall lye with you,
Truſt me ſhe could not come in fitter time.
For heere you ſir, to morrow in the morning,
All my three Daughters muſt be married,
Good maiſter *Moore* lets haue your company,
What ſay you ſir; Welcome honeſt friend.

Enter a Seruant.

Moor. How now ſirra whats the newes with you?
Piſa. *Monoho* heare you, ſtirre betimes to morrow,
For then I meane your Schollers ſhall be wed:
What newes, what newes man that you looke ſo ſad,
Moor. Hee brings me word my wife is new falne ſicke,
And that my daughter cannot come to night:
Or if ſhe does, it will be very late.
Piſa, Beleeue me I am then more ſorry for it.
But for your daughter come ſhe ſoone or late,
Some of vs will be vp to let her in,
For heere be three meanes not to ſleepe to night:
Well you muſt be gone? commende me to your wife,
Take heede how you goe downe, the ſtaires are bad,
Bring here a light.
Moor. Tis well I thanke you ſir. *Exit.*
Piſa. Good night maiſter *Moore* farwell honeſt friend,
Come, come to bed, to bed tis nine and paſt,
Doe not ſtand prating here to make me fetch you,
But gette you to your Chambers. *Exit Piſaro.*
Antho. Birlady heres ſhort worke, harke you Girles,
Will you to morrow marry with the ſtrangers.
Mall. Yfayth ſir no Ile firſt leape out at window,
Before *Marina* marry with a ſtranger,
Antho. Yes but your father ſweares, you ſhall haue one.
Ma. Yes but his daughters, ſweare they ſhall haue none,

Theſe

Theſe horeſon Canniballs, theſe *Philiſtines*,
Theſe tango mongoes ſhall not rule Ore me,
Ile haue my will and *Ned*, or Ile haue none.
Antho. How will you get him? how will you get him?
I know no other way except it be this,
That when your fathers in his ſoundeſt ſleepe,
You ope the Dore and runne away with them,
All ſiſters. So wee will rather then miſſe of them.
Antho. Tis well reſolude yfayth and like your ſelues,
But heare you? to your Chambers preſently,
Leaſt that your father doe diſcry our driſt, *Exeunt Siſters.*
Miſtres *Suſan* ſhould come but ſhe cannot,
Nor perhaps ſhall not, yet perhaps ſhe ſhall,
Might not a man conceipt a prettie ieſt?
And make as mad a Riddle as this is,
If all thinges fadge not, as all thinges ſhould doe,
Wee ſhall be ſped y'fayth, *Matt* ſhall haue hue.

Enter Vandalle and Friſco.

Vand. Wear be you meſter *Friſco.*

Friſc. Here ſir, here ſir, now if I could couſen him, take heede ſir hers a poſt.

Vand. Ick be ſo groterly hot, datt ick ſwette, Oh wen ſal we come dare.

Friſc. Be you ſo hotte ſir, let me carry your Cloake, I aſſure you it will eaſe you much.

Vand. Dare here, dare, tis ſo Darke ey can neit ſee.

Friſc. I, ſo ſo: now you may trauell in your Hoſe and Doubiet: now looke I as like the *Dutchman*, as if I were ſpit out of his mouth: Ile ſtraight home, & ſpeake groote and broode, and toot and gibriſh; and in the darke Ile haue a fling at the Wenches. Well, I ſay no more; farewell M. *Mendall*, I muſt goe ſeeke my fortune. *Exit Friſco.*

Vanda. Meſter *Friſco*, meſter *Friſco*, wat ſal you no ſpeak, make you de Foole? Why meſter *Friſco*; Oh de ſkellum,

he be ga met de Cloake, me ſal ſeg his meſter, han meſter *Friſco*, waer ſidy meſter *Friſco*. *Exit Vandal.*

Enter Haruie, Heigham, and Walgraue.

Haruy. Goes the caſe ſo well ſignor bottle-noſe?
It may be we ſhall ouerreach your drift;
This is the time the Wenches ſent vs word
Our bumbaſt *Dutchman* and his mates will come.
Well-neat *Italian*, you muſt don my ſhape:
Play your part well, or I may haps pay you.
What, ſpeechleſſe *Ned*? ſayth whereon muſeſt thou?
Tis on your *French* coriuall, for my life:
Hee come *ete voſtre*, and ſo foorth,
Till he hath foyſted in a Brat or two?
How then, how then?

Walg. Swounds Ile geld him firſt,
Ere that infeſtious loſzell reuell there.
Well *Matt*, I thinke thou knowſt what *Ned* can doe;
Shouldſt thou change *Ned* for Noddy, mee for him,
Thou didſt not know thy loſſe, yfayth thou didſt not.

Heigh. Come leaue this idle chatte, and lets prouide
Which of vs ſhall be ſcar-crow to theſe Fooles,
And ſet them out the way?

Walg. Why that will I.

Haru. Then put a Sword into a mad-mans hand:
Thou art ſo haſty, that but croſſe thy humor,
And thou't be ready croſſe them ore the pates:
Therefore for this time, Ile ſupply the rome.

Heigh. And ſo we ſhall be ſure of chatt enough;
Youle hold them with your floutes and gulles ſo long,
That all the night will ſcarcely be enough
To put in practiſe, what we haue deuiſde:
Come, come, Ile be the man ſhall doe the deed.

Haru. Well, I am content to ſaue your longing.
But ſoft, where are we? Ha, heere's the houſe,

Come,

Come let vs take our ſtands: *Fraunce* ſtand you there,
And *Ned* and I will croſſe t'other ſide.

Heigh. Doe ſo: But huſh, I heare one paſsing hither.

Enter Alnaro.

Alnar. Oh de ſauorable aſpect of de heauen, tis ſo obſcure, ſo darke, ſo blacke dat no mortalle creature can know de me: I pray a Dio I ſal haue de reight Wench: Ah ſi I be recht, here be de huis of ſignor *Piſaro*, I ſall haue de madona *Marma*, and daruor I ſall knocke to de dore.

He knocket.

Heigh. What a pox are you mad or druncke;
What, doe you meane to breake my Glaſſes?

Alua. Wat be dat Glaſſe? Wat druncke, wat mad?

Heigh. What Glaſſes ſir; why my Glaſſes: and if you be ſo crancke, Ile call the Conſtable; you will not enter into a mans houſe (I hope) in ſpight of him?

Haru. Nor durſt you be ſo bold as to ſtand there,
Yf once the Maiſter of the Houſe did know it.

Alua. Is dit your Hous? be you de Signor of dis Caſſa?

Heigh. Signor me no ſignors, nor caſſa me no caſſas: but get you hence, or you are like to taſte of the Baſtinado.

Heigh. Do, do, good *Ferdinand*, pummell the logerhead.

Alua. Is this neit the Hous of meſter *Piſaro*?

Heigh. Yes marry when? can you tell: how doe you? I thanke you heartily, my finger in your mouth.

Alua. Wat be dat?

Heigh. Marry that you are an Aſſe and a Logerhead,
To ſeeke maiſter *Piſaros* houſe heere.

Alua. I prey de gratia, wat be dis plaſhe?
Wat doe ye call dit ſtrete?

Heigh. What ſir; why *Leaden-hall*, could you not ſee the foure Spoutes as you came along?

Alua. Certenemento *Leden hall*, I hit my hed by de way, dare may be de voer Spouts: I prey de gratia, wiſh be de wey to *Crochefriers*?

Heigh. How, to *Crochet-friers*? Marry you muſt goe along till you come to the Pumpe, and then turne on your right hand.

Alua. Signor, adio. *Exit Aluare.*

Harn. Farewell and be hang'd Signor:
Now for your fellow, if the Aſſe would come.

Enter Delion.

Delio. By my trot me doe ſo muſh tincke of dit Gentlewoman de fine Wenſhe, dat me tincke eſh houer ten day, and eſh day ten yeare, till I come to her: Here be de huiſe of ſin vader, ſall alle and knocke. *He knocks.*

Heigh. What a bots ayle you, are you madd?
Will you runne ouer me and breake my Glaſſes?

Delio. Glaſſes, wat Glaſſes? Prey is monſieur *Piſaro* to de mayſon?

Harn. Harke *Ned*, there's thy ſubſtaunce

Walg. Nay by the Maſſe, the ſubſtannce's heere,
The ſhaddow's but an Aſſe.

Heigh. What Maiſter *Piſaro*?
Logerhead, heere's none of your *Piſaros*?

Delio. Yes but dit is the houis of meſter *Piſaro*.

Walg. Will not this monſieur *Motley* take his anſwer?
Ile goe and knocke the aſſe about the pate.

Har. Nay by your leaue ſir, but Ile hold your worſhip.
This ſturre we ſhould haue had, had you ſtood there.

Walg. Why, would it not vexe one to heare the aſſe,
Stand prating here of dit and dan, and den and dog?

Harn. One of thy mettle *Ned*, would ſurely doe it:
But peace, and harke to the reſt.

Delio. Doe no de fine Gentlewoman matreſſe *Mathea* dwell in dit Plaſhe?

Heigh. No ſir, here dwels none of your fine Ganthe-woman: Twere a good deed ſirra, to ſee who you are;
You come hither to ſteale my Glaſſes.
And then counterfeite you are going to your Queanes.

Delio.

Delio. I be deceu dis darke neight; here be no Wenſhe, I be no in de right plaſhe: I prey Monſieur, wat be name dis Streete, and wiſhe be de way to *Croſhe-friers?*

Heigh. Marry this is *Fanchurch-ſtreete,*
And the beſt way to *Crotched-friers,* is to follow your noſe

Delio. *Vanſhe, ſtreete,* how ſhaunce me come to *Vanſhe. ſtreete?* vell monſieur, me muſt alle to *Crochе-friers.*

Exit Delion.

Wdg. Farewell fortipence, goe ſeeke your Signor,
I hope youle finde your ſelues two Dolts anone:
Huſh *Fredinand,* I heare the laſt come ſtamping hither.

Enter Friſco.

Friſc. Ha ſirra, I haue left my fatte *Dutchman,* and runne my ſelfe almoſt out of breath too: now to my young miſtreſſes goe I, ſome body caſt an old ſhoe after me: but ſoft, how ſhall I doe to counterfeite the *Dutchman,* be cauſe I ſpeake *Engliſh* ſo like a naturall; Tuſh, take you no thought for that, let me alone for *Squintums ſquantum*: ſoft, her's my Maiſters houſe,

High. Whoſe there.

Friſc. Whoſe there, why ſir here is: Nay thats too good *Engliſh*; Why here be de growtte *Dutchman.*

Heigh. Then theres not onely a growte head, but an Aſſe alſo.

Friſc. What be yoo, yoo be an *Engliſh* Oxe to call a gentle moan Aſſe.

Harv. Harke *Ned* yonders good greeting.

Friſc. But yoo, and yoo be Maiſter *Mouſe* that dwell here, tell your matreſſa *Laurentia* datt her ſweete harte Maiſter *Vandall* would ſpeake with horde,

Heigh. Maiſter *Mendall,* I gette you gon, leaſt you get a broken Pate and ſo marre all: heres no entrance for miſtres *Laurentios* ſweete heart.

Friſc. Gods ſacaren watt is the luck now,

Shall

Shall not I come to my friend maiſter *Piſaro* Hooſe?

Heigh. Yes and to maiſter *Piſaros* Shoes too, if hee or they were here.

Friſc. Why my groute friend, M. *Piſaro* doth dwel here.

Heigh. Sirra, you lye, heere dwells no body but I, that haue dwelt here this one & forty yeares, and ſold Glaſſes.

Walg. Lye farder, one and fifty at the leaſt.

Friſ. Hoo, hoo, hoo; do you giue the Gentleman the ly?

Haru. I ſir, and will giue you a licke of my Cudgell, if yee ſtay long and trouble the whole ſtreete with your bawling: hence dolt, and goe ſeeke M. *Piſaros* Houſe.

Friſc. Goe ſeeke M. *Piſaros* Houſe;
Where ſhall I goe ſeeke it?

Hegh. Why, you ſhall goe ſeeke it where it is.

Friſc. That is here in *Crodched-friers.*

Heigh. How Leger-head, is *Croched-friers* heere?
I thought you were ſome ſuch drunken Aſſe,
That come to ſeeke *Croched-friers* in *Tower-ſtreete:*
But get you along on your left hand, and be hang'd;
You haue kept me out of my Bedd with your bangling,
A good while longer then I would haue been.

Friſc. Ah, ah, How is this? Is not this *Croched-friers?*
Tell mee, Ile hold a Crowne they gaue me ſo much Wine
at the Tauerne, that I am druncke, and know not ont.

Haru. My *Dutchman's* out his Compaſſe & his Card;
Hee's reckning what Winde hath droue him hither:
Ile ſweare hee thinkes neuer to ſee *Piſaros.*

Friſc. Nay tis ſo, I am ſure druncke: Soft let mee ſee, what was I about? Oh now I haue it, I muſt goe to my Maiſters houſe and counterfeite the *Dutchman*, and get my young Miſtreſſe: well, and I muſt turne on my left hand, for I haue forgot the way quite and cleane:
Fare de well, good frend, I am a ſimple *Dutchman* I.

Exit Friſco.

Heigh. Faire weather after you. And now my Ladds,

Haue

Haue I not plide my part as I ſhould doe?

Harn. Twas well, twas well: But now let's caſt about,
To ſet theſe Woodcocks farder from the Houſe,
And afterwards returne vnto our Girles.

Walg. Content, content, come, come make haſte. *Exeunt.*

Enter Alnaro.

Alua. I goe and turne, and dan I come to dis plaſhe, I can no tell waer, and ſall doe. I can no tell watt, turne by the Pumpe; I pumpe it faire.

Enter Delio.

Delio. Me aile, ende alle & can no come to *Croche-friers.*

Enter Friſco.

Friſc. Oh miſerable Blacke-pudding, if I can tell which is the way to my Maiſters houſe, I am a Red-herring, and no honeſt Gentleman.

Alua. Who parlato daer?

Delio. Who be der? who alle der?

Friſc. How's this? For my life here are the Strangers: Oh that I had the *Dutchmans* Hoſe, that I might creepe into the Pockets; they'le all three fall vpon me & beat me.

Alua. Who doe der ander?

Delio. Amis?

Friſc. Oh braue; it's no body but M. *Pharoo* and the *Frenchman* going to our Houſe, on my life: well, Ile haue ſome ſport with them, if the Watch hinder me not. Who goes there?

Delio. Who parle der, in wat plaſhe, in wat ſtreat be you?

Friſc. Why ſir, I can tell where I am; I am in *Tower-ſtreete*: Where a Diuell be you?

Delio. Io be here in *Lede-hall.*

Friſc. In *Leaden-hall*? I trow I ſhall meete with you anone: in *Leaden-hall*? What a ſimple Aſſe is this *Frenchman.* Some more of this: Where are you ſir?

Alua. Moy I be here in *Vanſhe-ſtreete.*

Friſc. This is excellent ynfayth, as fit as a Fiddle: I in *Tower-ſtreete*, you in *Leaden-hall*, and the third in *Fanchurch-ſtreete*; and yet all three heare one another, and all three ſpeake togeather: either wee muſt be all three in *Leaden-hall*, or all three in *Tower-ſtreete*, or all three in *Fanchurch-ſtreete*; or all three Fooles.

Alua. Monſieur Gentle-home, can you well teſh de wey to *Croſhe-frier*?

Friſc. How to *Croched-friers*? I, I ſir, paſsing well if you will follow mee. (tanks.

Delio. I dat me ſal monſier Gentle-home, and giue you

Friſc. And monſiur *Pharo*, I ſhall lead you ſuch a iaunt, that you ſhall ſcarce giue me thankes for. Come ſirrs follow mee: now for a durtie Puddle, the piſsing Condit, or a great Poſt, that might turne theſe two from Aſſes to Oxen by knocking their Hornes to their Fore-heads.

Alua. Whaer be de now ſignor?

Friſc. Euen where you will ſignor, for I know not: Soft I ſmell: Oh pure Noſe.

Delio. VVat do you ſmell?

Friſc. I haue the ſcent of *London-ſtone* as full in my noſe, as *Abchurch-lane* of mother *Walles* Paſties: Sirrs feele about, I ſmell *London-ſtone*.

Alua. Wat be dis?

Friſc. Soft let me ſee; feele I ſhould ſay, for I cannot ſee: Oh lads pray for my life, for we are almoſt at *Croched-friers*.

Delio. Dats good: but watt be dis Poſt?

Friſc. This Poſt; why tis the May-pole on *Iuie-bridge* going to *Weſtminſter*.

Delio. Ho *Weſmiſtere*, how come we tol *Weſmiſtere*?

Friſc. Why on your Legges fooles, how ſhould you goe? Soft, heere's an other: Oh now I know in deede where I am; wee are now at the fardeſt end of *Shoredich*, for this is the May-pole.

Delo. Sordiche; O dio, dere be ſome nautie tinge, ſome Spirite

Spirite do leade vs.

Friſc. You ſay true ſir, for I am afeard your *French* ſpirt is vp ſo far alredy, that you brought me this way, becauſe you would finde a Charme for it at the Blew Bore in the *Spittle*: But ſoft, who comes heere?

Enter a Belman.

Bel. Maydes in your Smocks, looke wel to your Locks, Your Fier and your Light; and God giue you good night.

Delia. Monſieur Gentle-home, I prey parle one, too, tree, fore, words vore vs to dis oull man.

Friſc. Yes marry ſhall I ſir. I pray honeſt Fellow, in what Streete be wee?

Bel. Ho *Friſco*, whither friske you at this time of night?

Delio. What, *Monſieur Friſco?*

Alua. Signor *Friſco?*

Friſc. The ſame, the ſame: Harke yee honeſty, mee thinkes you might doe well to haue an M. vnder your Girdle, conſidering how Signor *Piſaro*, and this other Monſieur doe hold of mee.

Bell. Oh ſir, I cry you mercie; pardon this fault, and Ile doe as much for you the next time.

Friſ. Well, paſsing ouer ſuperfluicall talke, I pray what Street is this; for it is ſo darke, I know not where I am?

Bell. Why art thou druncke, Doſt thou not know *Fanchurch-ſtreete?*

Friſc. I ſir, a good Fellow may ſometimes be ouerſeene among Friends; I was drinking with my Maiſter and theſe Gentlemen, and therefore no maruaile though I be none of the wiſeſt at this preſent: But I pray thee Good-man *Buttericke*, bring mee to my Maiſters Houſe.

Bel. Why I will, I will, puſh that you are ſo ſtrange now adayes: but it is an old ſaid ſaw, Honors change Manners.

Friſc. Good-man *Buttericke* will you walke afore: Come honeſt Friends, will yee goe to our Houſe?

Delio. Ouy monſieur *Friſco.*

Alua. *Si ſignor Friſco.*

Enter Vandalle.

Vand. Oh de skellam *Friſco*, ic weit neit waer dat ic be, ic goe and hit my noſe op dit poſt, and ic goe and hit my noſe op danden poſt; Oh de villaine: Well, waer ben ic now? Haw laet ſyen is dut neit croſhe vrier, ya ſeker ſo iſt and dit M. *Piſaros* huis: Oh de good ſhaunce, well ic ſall now haue de Wenſhe *Laurentia*, meſtris *Laurentia.*

Enter Laurentia, Marina, Mathea, aboue.

Mari. Who's there, Maiſter *Harnie?*

Math. Maiſter *Walgraue?*

Laur. Maiſter *Heigham?*

Vand. Ya my Louue, here be meſter *Heigham* your groot frinde.

Mari. How, Maiſter *Heigham* my grot vrinde? Out alas, here's one of the Strangers.

Lauren. Peace you Mammet, let's ſee which it is; wee may chaunce teach him a ſtrange tricke for his learning: M. *Heigham*, what wind driues you to our houſe ſo late?

Vand. Oh my leif Mesken, de loue tol v be ſo groot, dat het bring me out my bed voor you.

Math. Ha, ha, we know the Aſſe by his eares; it is the *Dutchman:* what ſhall we doe with him?

Laure. Peace, let him not know, that you are heere: M. *Heigham*, if you will ſtay awhile that I may ſe, if my Father be a ſleepe, and Ile make meanes we may come togeather

Vand. Dat ſal ick my Loua. Is dit no well counterfett I ſpeake ſo like meſter *Heigham* as tis poſsible.

Laure. Well, what ſhall we doe with this Lubber? (Louer I ſhould ſay.)

Math. What ſhall wee doe with him? Why crowne him with a ——

Mari. Fie Slutt: No, wele vſe him clenlier; you know we haue neuer a Signe at the dore, would not the ieſt proue currant,

currant,to make the *Dutchman* ſupply that want.

Laure. Nay,the foole wil cry out,& ſo wake my father.

Mat. Why,then wele cut the Rope & caſt him downe.

Laur. And ſo ieſt out a hanging,let's rather draw him vp in the Basket,and ſo ſtarue him to death this froſty night.

Mari. In ſadneſſe, well aduiſde: Siſter, doe you holde him in talke,and weele prouide it whilſt.

Laur. Goe to then. M.*Heigham*, oh ſweete M *Higham*, doth my Father thinke that his vnkindnes can part you & poore *Laurentia*? No,no,I haue found a drift to bring you to my Chamber,if you haue but the heart to venter it.

Vand. Ventre,ſal ick goe to de ſee,and be de ſee, and ore de ſee,and in de ſee voer my ſweete Louue.

Laur. Then you dare goe into a Basket; for I know no other meanes to inioy your companie,then ſo: for my Father hath the Keyes of the Dore.

Vand. Sal ick climb vp tot you? ſal ick fly vp tot you? ſal ick, wat ſegdy?

Math. Bid him doe it Siſter,wee ſhall ſee his cunning.

Laur. Oh no,ſo you may catch a fal. There M.*Heigham*, Put your ſelfe into that Basket, and I will draw you vp: But no words I pray you,for feare my Siſter heare you.

Vand. No,no;no word: Oh de ſeete Wenſhe, Ick come, Ick come.

Laur. Are you ready maiſter *Heigham*?

Vand. Ia ick my ſout Lady.

Mari. Merily then my Wenches.

Laur How heauie the Aſſe is: Maiſter *Heigham*,is there any in the Basket but your ſelfe?

Vand. Neit,neit, dare be no man.

Laur. Are you vp ſir? *Vand.* Neit, neit.

Mari Nor neuer are you like to climbe more higher: Siſters,the Woodcock's caught,the Foole is cag'd.

Vand. My ſout Lady I be nuc neit vp,pul me tot v.

Math. When can you tell; what maiſter *Vandalle*,

A wether beaten ſoldier an old wencher,
Thus to be ouer reach'd by three young Girles:
Ah ſirra now weele bragge with Miſtres Moore,
To haue as fine a Parret as ſhe hath,
Looke ſiſters what a pretty foole it is:
What a greene greaſie ſhyning Coate he hath,
An Almonde for Parret, a Rope for Parret.

Vand. Doe you moc que me ſeger ſeger,
I ſal ſeg your vader.

Laur. Doe and you dare, you ſee here is your fortune,
Diſquiet not my father; if you doe,
Ile ſend you with a vengeance to the ground,
Well we muſt confeſſe we trouble you,
And ouer watching makes a wiſeman madde,
Much more a foole, theres a Cuſhon for you.

Mar. To bore you through the noſe.

Laur. To lay your head on.
Couch in your Kennell ſleape and fall to reſt,
And ſo good night for London maydes skorne ſtill,
A *Dutch-man* ſhould be ſeene to curbe their will.

Vand. Hort ye Daughter, hort ye; gods ſe ker kin? will ye no let me come tot you? ick bid you let me come tot you watt ſal ick don, ick woud neit vor vn hundred pounde *Aluaro* & *Delion*, ſhould ſee me ope dit maner, well wat ſal ick don, ick mout neit cal: vor de Wenſhes wil cut de rope and breake my necke; ick ſal here bleauen til de morning, & dan ick ſal cal to meſter *Piſaro*, & make him ſhafe & ſhite his dauctors: Oh de skellum *Friſco*, Oh des cruell Hores.

Enter Piſaro.

Piſa. Ile put the Light out, leaſt I be eſpied,
For cloſely I haue ſtolne me foorth a doares,
That I might know, how my three Sonnes haue ſped.
Now (afore God) my heart is paſsing light,
That I haue ouerreach'd the *Engliſhmen*:

Ha,

Ha,ha,Maiſter *Vandalle*,many ſuch nights
Will ſwage your bigg ſwolne bulke,and make it lancke:
When I was young; yet though my Haires be gray,
I haue a Young mans ſpirit to the death,
And can as nimbly trip it with a Girle,
As thoſe which fold the ſpring-tide in their Beards:
Lord how the verie thought of former times,
Supples theſe neere dried limbes with actiueneſſe:
Well,thoughts are ſhaddowes,ſooner loſt then ſeene,
Now to my Daughters, and their merrie night,
I hope *Aluaro* and his companie,
Haue read to them morrall *Philoſophie*,
And they are full with it: Heere Ile ſtay,
And tarry till my gallant youths cõme foorth.

Enter Haruie, Walgraue, and Heigham.

Heigh. You mad-man, wild-oats, mad-cap, where art (thou?
Walg. Heere afore.
Haru. Oh ware what loue is? *Ned* hath found the ſcent;
And if the Connie chaunce to miſſe her Burrough,
Shee's ouer-borne yfayth, ſhe cannot ſtand it.
Piſa. I know that voyce, or I am much deceiued.
Heigh. Come, why loyter wee? this is the Dore:
But ſoft, heere's one aſleepe.
Walg. Come,let mee feele:
Oh tis ſome Rogue or other; ſpurne him,ſpurne him.
Haru. Be not ſo wilfull, prethee let him lie. (houſe,
Heigh. Come backe, come backe, for wee are paſt the
Yonder's *Matheas* Chamber with the light.
Piſa. Well fare a head, or I had been diſcride.
Gods mee,what make the Youngſters heere ſo late?
I am a Rouge,and ſpurne him: well lacke ſauce,
The Rogue is waking yet,to marre your ſport.
Walg. *Matt*, Miſtris *Mathea*; where be theſe Girles?

Enter

Enter Mathea alone.

Math. VVho's there below?

Walg. Thy *Ned*, kind *Ned*, thine honeſt truſty *Ned*.

Math. No, no, it is the *Frenchman* in his ſtead,
That Mounſieur motlicoate that can diſſemble:
Heare you *Frenchman*, packe to your Whores in *Fraunce*;
Though I am *Portingale* by the Fathers ſide,
And therefore ſhould be luſtfull, wanton, light;
Yet goodman Gooſecap, I will let you know,
That I haue ſo much *Engliſh* by the Mother,
That no bace ſlauering *French* ſhall make me ſtoope:
And ſo, ſir *Dan-delion* fare you well.

Walg. What ſpeachleſſe, not a word: why how now *Ned*?

Har. The Wench hath tane him downe,
He hanges his head.

Walg. You Dan-de-lion, you that talke ſo well:
Harke you a word or two good Miſtris *Matt*,
Did you appoynt your Friends to meete you heere,
And being come, tell vs of Whores in *Fraunce*,
A *Spaniſh* Jennet, and an *Engliſh* Mare,
A Mongrill, halfe a Dogge and halfe a Bitch;
VVith Tran-dido, Dil-dido, and I know not what?
Heare you, if you'le run away with *Ned*,
And be content to take me as you find me,
VVhy ſo law, I am yours: if otherwiſe,
Youle change your *Ned*, to be a *Frenchmans* Trull?
VVhy then, *Madame Delion, Ie vous laſſera a Dio, et la bon fortune.*

Math. That voyce aſſures mee, that it is my Loue:
Say truly, Art thou my *Ned*? art thou my Loue?

Walg. Swounds who ſhould I be but *Ned*?
You make me ſweare.

Enter aboue Marina.

Mari. Who ſpeake you to? *Mathea* who's below?

Harv. *Marina.*

Mari.

Mari. Young maiſter *Harry*? for that voyce ſaith ſo.

Enter Laurentia.

Alua. Speake ſiſter *Matt*, is not my true Loue there?
Math. Ned is.
Laur. Not maiſter *Heigham*?
Heigh. Laurentia, heere.
Laur. Yfayth thou'rt welcome.
Heigh. Better cannot Fall.
Math. Sweete, ſo art thou.
Mari. As much to mine.
Laur. Nay Gentles, welcome all.
Piſa. Here's cunning harlotries, they feed theſe off
With welcome, and kind words, whilſt other Lads
Reuell in that delight they ſhould poſſeſſe:
Good Girls, I promiſe you I like you well.
Mari. Say maiſter *Harry*, ſaw you, as you came,
That Leacher, which my Sire appoynts my man;
I meane that wanton baſe *Italian*,
That *Spaniſh*-leather ſpruce companion:
That anticke Ape trickt vp in faſhion?
Had the Aſſe come, I'de learne him, difference been
Betwixt an *Engliſh* Gentleman and him.
Heigh. How would you vſe him (ſweete),
If he ſhould come?
Mari. Nay nothing (ſweet) but only waſh his crowne:
Why the Aſſe wooes in ſuch an amorous key,
That he preſumes no Wench ſhould ſay him nay:
Hee ſlauers not his Fingers, wipes his Bill,
And ſweares in ſayth you ſhall, in ſayth I will;
That I am almoſt madd to bide his woeing.
Heigh. Looke what he ſaid in word, Ile act in doing.
Walg. Leaue thought of him, for day ſteales on apace,
And to our Loues: Will you performe your words;
All things are ready, and the Parſon ſtands,

To ioyne as hearts in hearts, our hands in hands;
Night fauours vs, the thing is quickly done,
Then truſſe vp bagg and Bagages, and be gone:
And ere the morninge, to augment your ioyes,
Weele make you mothers of ſixe goodly Boyes.

Heigh. Promiſe them three good *Ned*, and ſay no more.

Walg. But Ile get three, and if I gette not foure.

Piſa. Theres a ſound Carde at Maw, a luſtie lad,
Your father thought him well, when one he had,

Heigh. What ſay you ſweetes, will you performe your wordes?

Matt. Loue to true loue, no leſſer meede affordes?
Wee ſay we loue you, and that loues fayre breath
Shall lead vs with you round about the Earth:
And that our loues, vowes, wordes, may all proue true,
Prepare your Armes, for thus we flie to you. *they Embrace.*

Walg. This workes like waxe, now ere to morrow day,
If you two ply it but as well as I,
Weele worke our landes out of *Piſaros* Daughters:
And canſell all our bondes in their great Bellies,
When the ſlaue knowes it, how the Roge will curſe.

Matt. Sweete hart.

Walg. Matt.

Mathe. Where art thou.

Piſa. Here.

Mathe. Oh Ieſus heres our father.

Walg. The Diuell he is.

Harv Maiſter *Piſaro*, twenty times God morrow.

Piſa. Good morrow? now I tell you Gentlem[en],
You wrong and moue my patience ouermuch,
What will you Rob me, Kill me, Cutte my Throte:
And ſet mine owne bloud here againſt me too,
You huſwifes? Baggages? or what is worſe,
Wilfull, ſtoubborne, diſobedient:
Vſe it not Gentlemen, abuſe me not,

New-

Newgate hath rome, theres law enough in England,
Heigh. Be not ſo teſtie, heare what we can ſay.
Piſa. Will you be wiu'de? firſt learne to keepe a wife,
Learne to be thriftie, learne to keepe your Lands,
And learne to pay your debts to, I aduiſe, elſe.
Walg. What elſe, what Lands, what Debts, what will you doe?
Haue you not Land in Morgage for your mony,
Nay ſince tis ſo, we owe you not a Penny,
Frette not, Fume not, neuer bende the Browe:
You take Tenn in the hundred more then Law,
We can complayne, extortion, ſimony,
Newgate hath Rome, thers Law enough in England.
Heigh. Prethe haue done.
Walg. Prethy me no Prethies.
Here is my wife, Sbloud touch her, if thou darſt,
Hearſt thou, Ile lie with her before thy face,
Againſt the Croſſe in Cheape, here, any where,
What you old craftie Fox you.
Heigh. Ned, ſtop there.
Piſa. Nay, nay ſpeake out, beare witneſſe Gentlemen,
Whers *Mowche*, charge my Musket, bring me my Bill,
For here are ſome that meane to Rob thy maiſter.

Enter Anthony.

I am a Fox with you, well lack ſawce,
Beware leaſt for a Gooſe, I pray on you.

Exeunt Piſaro and Daughters.

In baggages, *Mowche* make faſt the doore.
Walg. A vengeance on ill lucke,
Antho. What neuer ſtorme,
But bridle anger with wiſe gouernment.
Heigh. Whom? *Anthony* our friend, Ah now our hopes,

Are found too light to ballance our ill happes.
Antho. Tut nere ſay ſo, for *Anthony*
Is not deuoyde of meanes to helpe his Friends.
Walg. Swounds, what a diuell made he foorth ſo late?
Ile lay my life twas hee that fainde to ſleepe,
And we all vnſuſpitious, tearmde a Roage:
Oh God, had I but knowne him; if I had,
I would haue writt ſuch Letters with my Sword
Vpon the bald skin of his parching pate,
That he ſhould nere haue liude to croſſe vs more.
Antho. Theſe menaces are vaine, and helpeth naught:
But I haue in the deapth of my conceit
Found out a more materiall ſtratagem:
Harke Maiſter *Walgraue*, yours craues quicke diſpatch,
About it ſtraight, ſtay not to ſay farewell. *Exit Walgraue.*
You Maiſter *Heigham*, hie you to your Chamber,
And ſtirre not foorth, my ſhaddow, or my ſelfe,
Will in the morning earely viſit you;
Build on my promiſe ſir, and good night. *Exit Heigham.*
Laſt, yet as great in loue, as to the firſt:
Yf you remember, once I told a ieſt,
How feigning to be ſicke, a Friend of mine
Poſſeſt the happy iſſue of his Loue:
That counterfeited humor muſt you play;
I need not to inſtruct, you can conceiue,
Vſe maiſter *Browne* your Hoſt, as chiefe in this:
But firſt, to make the matter ſeeme more true,
Sickly and ſadly bid the churle good night;
I heare him at the Window, there he is.
Enter Piſaro aboue.
Now for a tricke to ouerreach the Diuell.
I tell you ſir, you wrong my maiſter much,
And then to make amends, you giue hard words:
H'ath been a friend to you; nay more, a Father:
I promiſe you, tis moſt vngently done.

Piſa.

Piſa. I, well ſaid *Mouche*, now I ſee thy loue,
And thou ſhalt ſee mine, one day if I liue.
None but my Daughters ſir, hanges for your tooth:
I'de rather ſee them hang'd firſt, ere you get them.
Harn. Maiſter *Piſaro*, heare a dead man ſpeake,
Who ſinges the wofull accents of his end.
I doe confeſſe I loue; then let not loue
Proue the ſad engine of my liues remooué:
Marinaes rich Poſſeſsion was my bliſſe?
Then in her loſſe, all ioy eclipſed is:
As euery Plant takes vertue of the Sunne;
So from her Eyes, this life and beeing ſprung:
But now debard of thoſe cleare ſhyning Rayes,
Death for Earth gapes, and Earth to Death obeyes:
Each word thou ſpakſt, (oh ſpeake not ſo againe)
Bore Deaths true image on the Word ingrauen;
Which as it flue mixt with Heauens ayerie breath,
Summond the dreadfull Seſsions of my death:
I leaue thee to thy wiſh, and may th'euent
Proone equall to thy hope and hearts content.
Marina to that hap, that happieſt is;
My Body to the Graue, my Soule to bliſſe.
Haue I done well? *Exit Harnie.*
Antho. Excellent well in troth.
Piſar. I, goe; I, goe: your words moue me as much,
As doth a Stone being caſt againſt the ayre.
But ſoft, What Light is that? What Folkes be thoſe? Oh tis
Aluaro & his other Friends, Ile downe & let them in. *Exit.*
Enter Belman, Friſco, Vandalle, Delion, & Aluaro.
Friſc. Where are we now gaffer *Buttericke?* (wife
Bell. Why know you not *Croched-friers*, where be your
Aluar. Wat be tis *Croſh-viers?* vidite padre dare; tacke you dat, me ſal troble you no farre.
Bell. I thanke you Gentlemen, good night:
Good night *Friſco.* *Exit Belman.*

Friſc. Farewell *Buttericke*, what a Clowne it is:
Come on my maiſters merrily, Ile knocke at the dore.

Antho. Who's theere, our three wiſe Woers,
Blockhead our man? had he not been,
They might haue hanged them-ſelues,
For any Wenches they had hit vpon:
Good morrow, or good den, I know not whether.

Delio. Monſieur *de Mowche*, wat macke you out de
Houis ſo late?

Enter Piſaro below.

Piſa. What, what, young men & ſluggards? fy for ſhame
You trifle time at home about vaine toyes,
Whilſt others in the meane time, ſteale your Brides:
I tell you ſir, the *Engliſh* Gentlemen
Had wel-ny mated you, and mee, and all;
The Dores were open, and the Girles abroad,
Their Sweet-hearts ready to receiue them to:
And gone forſooth they had been, had not I
(I thinke by reuelation) ſtopt their flight:
But I haue coopt them vp, and ſo will keepe them.
But ſirra *Friſco*, where's the man I ſent for?
VVhoſe Cloake haue you got there?
How now, where's *Vandalle*?

Friſc. For-ſooth he is not heere:
Maiſter *Mendall* you meane, doe you not?

Piſar. VVhy logerhead, him I ſent for, where is he?
VVhere haſt thou been? How haſt thou ſpent thy time?
Did I not ſend thee to my Sonne *Vandalle*?

Friſc. I M. *Mendall*; why forſooth I was at his Chamber, and wee were comming hitherward, and he was very hot, and bade me carry his Cloake; and I no ſooner had it, but he (being very light) firkes me downe on the left hand, and I turnd downe on the left hand, and ſo loſt him.

Piſa. VVhy then you turnd togeather, Aſſe.

Friſc. No ſir, we neuer ſaw one another ſince.

Piſa.

Piſa. VVhy, turnd you not both on the left hand?

Friſc. No for-ſooth we turnd both on the left hand.

Piſa. Hoyda, why yet you went both togeather.

Friſ. Ah no, we went cleane contrary one from another.

Piſa. VVhy Dolt, why Patch, why Aſſe,
On which hand turnd yee?

Friſc. Alas, alas, I cannot tell for-ſooth, it was ſo darke I could not ſee, on which hand we turnd: But I am ſure we turnd one way.

Piſa. VVas euer creature plagud with ſuch a Dolt?
My Sonne *Vandalle* now hath loſt himſelfe,
And ſhall all night goe ſtraying bout the Towne;
Or meete with ſome ſtrange Watch that knowes him not;
And all by ſuch an arrant Aſſe as this.

Anth. No, no, you may ſoone ſmel the *Dutchmans* lodging: Now for a Figure: Out alas, what's yonder?

Piſa. VVhere?

Friſ. Hoyda, hoyda, a Basket: it turnes, hoe.

Piſa. Peace ye Villaine, and let's ſee who's there?
Goe looke about the Houſe; where are our weapons?
VVhat might this meane?

Friſc. Looke, looke, looke; there's one in it, he peeps out: Is there nere a Stone here to hurle at his Noſe.

Piſa. VVhat, wouldſt thou breake my VVindowes with a Stone? How now, who's there, who are you ſir?

Friſc. Looke, he peepes out againe: Oh it's M. *Mendall*, it's M. *Mendall*: how got he vp thither?

Piſa. What, my Sonne *Vandalle*, how comes this to paſſe?

Alua. Signor *Vandalle*, wat do yo goe to de wenſhe in de Basket?

Vand. Oh Vadere, Vadere, here be ſuſh cruell Dochterkens, ick ben alſo wery, alſo wery, alſo cold; for be in dit little Basket: Ic prey helpe dene.

Friſc. He lookes like the ſigne of the Mouth without Biſhops gate, gaping, and a great Face, and a great Head, and

and no Body.

Piſa. Why how now Sonne, what haue your Adamants
Drawne you vp ſo farre, and there left you hanging
Twixt Heauen and Earth like *Mahomets* Sepulchre?

Antho. They did vnkindly, who ſo ere they were,
That plagu'd him here, like *Tantalus* in Hell,
To touch his Lippes like the deſired Fruite,
And then to ſnatch it from his gaping Chappes.

Alua. A little farder ſignor *Vandalle*, and dan you may put v hed into de windo and caſh de Wenſh.

Vand. Ick prey Vader dat you helpe de mee, Ick prey. Goddie Vader.

Piſa. Helpe you, but how?

Friſc. Cut the Rope.

Antho. Sir, Ile goe in and ſee,
And if I can, Ile let him downe to you. *Exit Anthony.*

Piſa. Doe gentle *Mouche:* Why but here's a ieſt;
They ſay, high climers haue the greateſt falles:
If you ſhould fall; as how youle doe I know not,
Birlady I ſhould doubt me of my Sonne:
Pray to the Rope to hold: Art thou there *Mouche?*

Enter Anthony aboue.

Antho. Yes ſir, now you may chuſe, whether youle ſtay till I let him downe, or whether I ſhall cut him downe?

Friſc. Cut him downe maiſter *Monſe*, cut him downe
And let's ſee, how hele tumble.

Piſa. Why ſauce, who ask'd your counſaile?
Let him downe.
What, with a Cuſhion too? why you prouided
To lead your life as did *Diogines*;
And for a Tubb, to creepe into a Basket.

Vanda. Ick ſall ſeg v Vader, Ick quame here to your Huiſe and ſpreake tol de Dochterken.

Friſc. M. *Mendall*, you are welcome out of the Basket:
I ſmell a Ratt, it was not for nothing, that you loſt me.

Vand.

Vand. Oh skellum, you run away from me.

Piſa. I thought ſo ſirra, you gaue him the ſlip.

Friſc. Faw, no for-ſooth; Ile tell you how it was: when we come from Bucklers-Burie into Corn-Wale, and I had taken the Cloake, then you ſhould haue turnd downe on your left hand and ſo haue gone right forward, and ſo turnd vp againe, and ſo haue croſt the ſtreate; and you like an Aſſe.

Piſa. Why how now Raſcall; is your manners ſuch? You aſſe, you Dolt, why led you him through Corn-hill, Your way had been to come through Canning ſtreete.

Friſc. Why ſo I did ſir.

Piſa. Why thou ſeeſt yee were in Corn-Hill.

Friſ. Indeed ſir there was three faults, the Night was darke, Maiſter *Mendall* drunke, and I ſleepy, that we could not tell very well, which way we went.

Piſa. Sirra I owe for this a Cudgelling:
But Gent'lemen, ſith things haue faulne out ſo,
And for I ſee *Vandalle* quakes for cold,
This night accept your Lodgings in my houſe,
And in the morning forward with your marriage,
Come on my ſonnes, ſirra fetch vp more wood.

Exeunt.

Enter the three Siſters.

Laur. Nay neuer weepe *Marina* for the matter,
Teares are but ſignes of ſorrow, helping not.

Mari. Would it not madde one to be croſt as I,
Being in the very hight of my deſire?
The ſtrangers fruſtrate all: our true loue's come,
Nay more, euen at the doore, and *Haruies* armes
Spred as a Rayne-bow ready to receiue me,
And then my Father meete vs: Oh God, oh God.

Math. Weepe who that liſt for me, y fayth not I,
Though I am youngeſt yet my ſtomack's great:
Nor tis not father, friends, nor any one,
Shall make me wed the man I cannot loue:

Ile haue my will ynfayth, y'fayth I will.
Laur. Let vs determine Siſters what to doe,
My father meanes to wed vs in the morning,
And therefore ſomething muſt be thought vpon.
Mari. Weele to our father and ſo know his minde,
I and his reaſon too, we are no fooles,
Or Babes neither, to be fedde with words.
Laur. Agreede, agreede: but who ſhall ſpeake for all?
Math. I will.
Mari. No I.
Laur. Thou wilt not ſpeake for crying.
Mari. Yes, yes I warrant you, that humors left,
Bee I but mou'de a little, I ſhall ſpeake,
And anger him I feare, ere I haue done.

Enter Anthony.

All. Whom *Anthony* our friend, our Schoole-maiſter?
Now helpe vs Gentle *Anthony*, or neuer.
Antho. What is your haſtie running chang'd to prayer,
Say, where were you going?
Laur. Euen to our father,
To know what he intendes to doe with vs.
Antho. Tis bootleſſe truſt mee, for he is reſolu'd
To marry you to.
Mari. The Strangers.
Antho. Yfayth he is.
Math. Yfayth he ſhall not.
Frenchman, be ſure weele plucke a Crow together,
Before you force mee giue my hand at Church.
Mari. Come to our Father ſpeach this comfort finds,
That we may ſcould out griefe, and eaſe our mindes.
Anth. Stay, Stay *Marina*, and aduiſe you better,
It is not Force, but Pollicie muſt ſerue:
The Dores are lockt, your Father keepes the Keye,
Wherefore vnpoſsible to ſcape away:
Yet haue I plotted, and deuiſ'd a drift,

To

To fruſtrate your intended mariages,
And giue you full poſſeſsion of your ioyes:
Laurentia, ere the mornings light appeare,
You muſt play *Anthony* in my diſguiſe.

Math. } *Anthony*, what of vs? What ſhall we weare?
Mari. }

Anth. Soft, ſoft, you are too forward Girles, I ſweare,
For you ſome other drift deuiſd muſt bee?
One ſhaddow for a ſubſtance: this is ſhee.
Nay weepe not ſweetes, repoſe vpon my care,
For all alike, or good or bad ſhall ſhare:
You will haue *Harrie*, you *Heigham*, and you *Ned*;
You ſhall haue all your wiſh, or be I dead:
For ſooner may one day the Sea lie ſtill,
Then once reſtraine a Woman of her will.

All. Sweete *Anthony*, how ſhall we quit thy hire?

Anth. Not gifts, but your contentments I deſire:
To helpe my Countrimen I caſt about,
For Strangers loues blaſe freſh, but ſoone burne out:
Sweete reſt dwell heere, and frightfull feare obiure,
Theſe eyes ſhall wake to make your reſt ſecure:
For ere againe dull night the dull eyes charmes,
Each one ſhall fould her Husband in her armes:
Which if it chaunce, we may auouch it ſtill,
Women & Maydes will alwayes haue their will. *Exeunt.*

Enter Piſaro and Friſco.

Piſa. Are Wood & Coales brought vp to make a fire?
Is the Meate ſpitted ready to lie downe:
For Bakemeates Ile haue none, the world's too hard:
There's Geeſe too, now I remember mee;
Bid *Mawdlin* lay the Giblets in Paſt,
Here's nothing thought vpon, but what I doe.
Stay *Friſco*, ſee who rınges: looke to the Dore,
Let none come in I charge, were he my Father,
Ile keepe them whilſt I haue them: *Friſco*, who is it?

Friſ. She is come ynfayth.

Piſa. Who is come?

Friſc. Miſtris *Suſaunce*, Miſtris *Moores* daughter.

Piſa. Miſtris *Suſan*, Aſſe? Oh ſhe muſt come in.

Friſc. Hang him, if he keepe out a Wench:
Yf the Wench keepe not out him, ſo it is.

Enter Walgraue in Womans attire.

Piſa. Welcome Miſtris *Suſan*, welcome;
I little thought you would haue come to night;
But welcome (truſt me) are you to my houſe:
What, doth your Mother mende? doth ſhe recouer?
I promiſe you I am ſorry for her ſickneſſe.

Walg. She's better then ſhe was, I thanke God for it,

Piſa. Now afore God ſhe is a ſweete ſmugge Girle,
One might doe good on her; the fleſh is frayle,
Man hath infirmitie, and ſuch a Bride,
Were able to change Age to hot deſire:
Harke you Sweet-heart,
To morrow are my Daughters to be wedde,
I pray you take the paines to goe with them.

Walg. If ſir youle giue me leaue, Ile waight on them.

Piſa. Yes marry ſhall you, and a thouſand thankes,
Such company as you my Daughters want,
Maydes muſt grace Maydes, when they are married:
Iſt not a merry life (thinkes thou) to wed,
For to imbrace, and be imbrac'd abed.

Walg. I know not what you meane ſir.
Heere's an old Ferret Pol-cat.

Piſa. You may doe, if youle follow mine aduice;
I tell thee Mouſe, I knew a Wench as nice:
Well, ſhee's at reſt poore ſoule, I mean: my Wife,
That thought (alas good heart) Loue was a toy,
Vntill (well, that time is gon and paſt away)
But why ſpeake I of this: Harke yee Sweeting,
There's more in Wedlocke, then the name can ſhew;

And

And now (birlady) you are ripe in yeares:
And yet take heed Wench, there lyes a Pad in Straw;
Walg. Old Fornicator, had I my Dagger,
Ide breake his Coſtard.
Piſa. Young men are ſlippery, fickle, wauering;
Conſtant abiding graceth none but Age:
Then Maydes ſhould now waxe wiſe, and doe ſo,
As to chuſe conſtant men, let fickle goe,
Youth's vnregarded, and vnhonoured:
An auncient Man doth make a Mayde a Matron:
And is not that an Honour, how ſay you? how ſay you?
Walg Yes forſooth.
(Oh old luſt will you neuer let me goe.)
Piſa. You ſay right well, and doe but thinke thereon,
How Husbands, honored yeares, long card-for wealth,
Wiſe ſtayednesſe, Experient gouernment,
Doth grace the Mayde, that thus is made a Wife,
And you will wiſh your ſelfe ſuch, on my life.
Walg. I thinke I muſt turne womankind altogeather,
And ſcratch out his eyes:
For as long as he can ſee me, hele nere let me goe.
Piſa. But goe (ſweet-heart) to bed, I doe thee wrong,
The lateneſſe now, makes all our talke ſeeme long.

Enter Anthony.

How now *Mowche*, be the Girles abed?
Anth. *Mathea* (and it like you) faine would ſleepe,
but onely tarrieth for her bed-fellow.
Piſa. Ha, you ſay well: come, light her to her Chamber,
Good reſt wiſh I to thee; wiſh ſo to mee,
Then *Suſan* and *Piſaro* ſhall agree:
Thinke but what ioy is neere your bed-fellow,
Such may be yours; take counſaile of your Pillow:
To morrow weele talke more; and ſo good night,
Thinke what is ſayd, may bee, if all hit right.

Walg. What, haue I paſt the Pikes: knowes he not *Ned*? I thinke I haue deſeru'd his Daughters bed.

Anth. Tis well, tis well: but this let me requeſt,
You keepe vnknowne, till you be laide to reſt:
And then a good hand ſpeed you.

Walg. Tut, nere feare mee,
We two abed ſhall neuer diſagree. *Exeunt Antho. & Walg.*

Friſc. I haue ſtood ſtill all this while, and could not ſpeake for laughing: Lord what a Dialogue hath there bin betweene Age and Youth. You do good on her? euen as much as my *Dutchman* will doe on my young Miſtris: Maiſter, follow my counſaile; then ſend for M. *Heigham* to helpe him, for Ile lay my Cappe to two Pence, that hee will be aſleepe to morrow at night, when he ſhould goe to bed to her: Marry for the *Italian*, he is of an other humor, for there le be no dealings with him, till midnight; for hee muſt ſlauer all the Wenches in the houſe at parting, or he is no body: hee hath been but a litle while at our Houſe, yet in that ſmall time, hee hath lickt more Greaſe from our *Mawdlins* lippes, then would haue ſeru'd *London* Kitchin-ſtuffe this twelue month. Yet for my money, well fare the *Frenchman*, Oh hee is a forward Lad, for heele no ſooner come from the Church, but heele fly to the Chamber; why heele read his Leſſon ſo often in the day time, that at night like an apt Scholler, heele be ready to ſell his old Booke to buye him a new. Oh the generation of Languages that our Houſe will bring foorth: why euery Bedd will haue a propper ſpeach to himſelfe, and haue the Founders name written vpon it in faire Cappitall letters, *Heere lay*, and ſo foorth.

Piſa. Youle be a villaine ſtill: Looke who's at dore?

Friſc. Nay by the Maſſe, you are M. Porter, for Ile be hang'd if you looſe that office, hauing ſo pretty a morſell vnder your keeping: I goe (old huddle) for the beſt Noſe at ſmelling out a Pin-fold, that I know: well, take heede, you may happes picke vp Wormes ſo long, that at length ſome

ſome of them get into your Noſe, and neuer out after: But what an Aſſe am I to thinke ſo, conſidering all the Lodginges are taken vp already, and there's not a Dog-kennell empty for a ſtrange Worme to breed in.

Enter Anthony.

Antho. The day is broke; *Mathea* and young *Ned*,
By this time, are ſo ſurely linckt togeather,
That none in *London* can forbid the Banes.
Laurentia ſhe is neere prouided for:
So that if *Haruies* pollicie but hold,
Elce-wheare the Strangers may goe ſeeke them Wiues:
But heere they come.

Enter Piſaro and Browne.

Piſa. Six a clocke ſay you; truſt mee, forward dayes:
Harke you *Mowche*, hie you to Church,
Bid M *Bewford* be in readineſſe:
Where goe you, that way?

Anth. For my Cloake, ſir.

Piſa. Oh tis well: and M. *Browne*,
Truſt mee, your earely ſtirring makes me muſe,
Is it to mee your buſineſſe?

Brown. Euen to your ſelfe:
I come (I thinke) to bring you welcome newes,

Piſa. And welcome newes,
More welcome makes the bringer:
Speake, ſpeake, good M. *Browne*, I long to heare them.

Brow. Then this it is. Young *Haruie* late laſt night,
Full weake and ſickly came vnto his lodging,
From whence this ſuddaine mallady proceedes:
Tis all vncertaine, the Doctors and his Friends
Affirme his health is vnrecouerable:
Young *Heigham* and *Ned Walgraue* lately left him,
And I came hither to informe you of it.

Piſa. Young M. *Haruie* ſicke; now afore God
The newes bites neere the Bone: for ſhould he die,
His Liuing morgaged would be redeemed,

For

For not theſe three months doth the Bond beare date:
Die now, marry God in heauen defend it;
Oh my ſweete Lands, looſe thee, nay looſe my life:
And which is worſt, I dare not aske mine owne,
For I take two and twenty in the hundred,
When the Law giues but ten: But ſhould he liue,
Hee careleſſe would haue left the debt vnpaide,
Then had the Lands been mine *Piſaros* owne,
Mine, mine owne Land, mine owne Poſſeſsion.

Brow. Nay heare mee out.

Piſa. You'r out too much already,
Vnleſſe you giue him life, and mee his Land.

Brow. Whether tis loue to you, or to your Daughter,
I know not certaine; but the Gentleman
Hath made a deed of gift of all his Lands,
Vnto your beautious Daughter faire *Marina.*

Peſa. Ha, ſay that word againe, ſay it againe,
A good thing cannot be too often ſpoken:
Marina ſay you, are you ſure twas ſhee,
Or *Mary*, *Margery*; or ſome other Mayde?

Brow. To none but your Daughter faire *Marina*;
And for the gift might be more forcible,
Your neighbour maiſter *Moore* aduiſed vs,
(Who is a witneſſe of young *Haruies* Will)
Sicke as hee is, to bring him to your houſe:
I know they are not farre, but doe attende,
That they may know, what welcome they ſhall haue.

Piſa. What welcome ſir; as welcome as new life
Giuen to the poore condemned Priſoner:
Returne (good maiſter *Browne*) aſſure their welcome,
Say it, nay ſweare it; for they'r welcome truly:
For welcome are they to mee which bring Gold.
See downe who knockes; it may be there they are:
Friſco, call downe my Sonnes, bid the Girles riſe:
Where's *Monche*; what, is he gon or no?

Enter

Enter Laurentia in Anthonies attire.

Oh heare you ſirra, bring along with you
Maiſter *Balſaro* the Spaniſh Marchant.
Laur. Many *Balſaros* I; Ile to my Loue:
And thankes to *Anthony* for this eſcape.
Piſa. Stay, take vs with you. Harke, they knocke againe,
Come my ſoules comfort, thou good newes bringer,
I muſt needes hugge thee euen for pure affection.

Enter Haruie brought in a Chaire, Moore, Browne, Aluaro, Vandalle, Delion, and Friſco.

Piſa. Lift ſoftly (good my friends) for hurting him.
Looke chearely ſir, you'r welcome to my houſe.
Harke M. *Vandalle*, and my other Sonnes,
Seeme to be ſad as grieuing for his ſickneſſe,
But inwardly reioyce. Maiſter *Vandalle*,
Signor *Aluaro*, Monſieur *Delion*,
Bid my Friend welcome, pray bid him welcome:
Take a good heart; I doubt not (by Gods leaue)
You ſhall recouer and doe well enough:
(Yf I ſhould thinke ſo, I ſhould hange my ſelfe.)
Friſco, goe bid *Marina* come to mee. *Exit Friſco.*
You are a Witneſſe ſir, of this mans Will:
What thinke you M. *Moore*, what ſay you to't?
Moor. Maiſter *Piſaro*, follow mine aduice:
You ſee the Gentleman cannot eſcape,
Then let him ſtraight be wedded to your Daughter;
So during life time, ſhe ſhall hold his Land,
When now (beeing nor kith nor kin to him)
For all the deed of Gift, that he hath ſeald,
His younger Brother will inioy the Land.
Piſa. Marry my Daughter: no birlady.
Heare you *Aluaro*, my Friend counſaile mee,
Seeing young M. *Haruie* is ſo ſicke,

To marry him incontinent to my Daughter.
Or elſe the gift he hath beſtowde, is vaine:
Marry and hee recouer; no my Sonne,
I will not looſe thy loue, for all his Land.

Alua. Here you padre, do no loſe his Lands, his hundred pont *per anno*, tis wort to hauar; let him haue de matreſſe *Marina* in de mariage, tis but vor me to attendre vne day more: if he will no die, I ſal giue him ſuſh a Drincke, ſuſh a Potion ſal mak him giue de *Bonos noches* to all de world.

Piſa. *Aluaro*, here's my Keyes, take all I haue,
My Money, Plate, Wealth, Iewels, Daughter too:
Now God be thanked, that I haue a Daughter,
worthy to be *Aluaroes* bedfellow:
Oh how I doe admire and prayſe thy wit,
Ile ſtraight about it: Heare you Maiſter *Moore*.

Enter Marina and Friſco.

Friſc. Nay fayth hee's ſicke, therefore though hee be come, yet he can doe you no good; there's no remedy but euen to put your ſelfe into the hands of the *Italian*, that by that time that he hath paſt his grouth, young *Haruie* will be in caſe to come vpon it with a fiſe of freſh force.

Mari. Is my Loue come, & ſicke? I, now thou loueſt me,
How my heart ioyes: Oh God, get I my will,
Ile driue away that Sickneſſe with a kiſſe:
I need not faine, for I could weepe for ioy.

Piſa. It ſhall be ſo; come hither Daughter.
Maiſter *Haruie*, that you may ſee my loue
Comes from a ſingle heart vnfaynedly,
See heere my Daughter, her I make thine owne:
Nay looke not ſtrange, before theſe Gentlemen,
I freely yeeld *Marina* for thy Wife.

Haru. Stay, ſtay good ſir, forbeare this idle worke,
My ſoule, is labouring for a higher place,

Then

Then this vaine tranſitorie world can yeeld:
What, would you wed your Daughter to a Graue?
For this is but Deaths modell in mans ſhape:
You and *Aluaro* happie liue togeather:
Happy were I, to ſee you liue togeather.

Piſa. Come ſir, I truſt you ſhall doe well againe:
Heere, heere, it muſt be ſo; God giue you ioy,
And bleſſe you (not a day to liue togeather.)

Vand. Hort ye broder, will ye let den ander heb your Wiue? nempt haer, nempt haer your ſelue?

Alua. No, no; tuſh you be de foole, here be dat ſal ſpoyle de mariage of hem: you haue deceue me of de fine Wenſh ſignor *Haruey*, but I ſal deceue you of de muſh Land.

Haru. Are all things ſure Father, is all diſpatch'd?

Piſa. What intreſt we haue, we yeeld it you:
Are you now ſatisfied, or reſtes there ought?

Haru. Nay Father, nothing doth remaine, but thankes:
Thankes to your ſelfe firſt, that diſdayning mee,
Yet loude my Lands, and for them gaue a Wife.
But next, vnto *Aluaro* let me turne,
To courtious gentle louing kind *Aluaro*,
That rather then to ſee me die for loue,
For very loue, would looſe his beawtious Loue.

Vand. Ha, ha, ha.

Deli. Signor *Aluaro*, giue him de ting quickly ſal make hem dy, autremant you ſal loſe de fine Wenſh.

Alua. Oyme che haueße allhora appreſſata là mano al mio core, ô ſuen curato ate, I che longo ſei tu arriuato, ô cieli, ô terra.

Piſa. Am I awake? or doe deluding Dreames
Make that ſeeme true, which moſt my ſoule did feare?

Haru Nay fayth Father, it's very certaine true,
I am as well as any man on earth:
Am I ſicke ſirres? Looke here, is *Haruie* ſicke?

Piſa. What ſhall I doe? What ſhall I ſay?
Did not you counſaile mee to wed my Childe?

What Potion? Where's your helpe, your remedy.

Haru. I hope more happy Starres will reigne to day,
And *don Aluaro* haue more company.

Enter Anthonie.

Antho. Now *Anthony*, this cottens as it ſhould,
And euery thing ſorts to his wiſh'd effect:
Haruie ioyes *Moll*: my *Dutchman* and the *French*,
Thinking all ſure, laughs at *Aluaros* hap;
But quickly I ſhall marre that merrie vaine,
And make your Fortunes equall with your Friends.

Piſa. Sirra *Moreche*, what anſwere brought you backe?
Will maiſter *Balſaro* come, as I requeſted?

Anth. Maiſter *Balſaro*? I know not who you meane.

Piſa. Know you not Aſſe, did I not ſend thee for him?
Did not I bid thee bring him, with the Parſon?
What anſwere made hee, will hee come or no?

Anth. Sent me for him: why ſir, you ſent not mee,
I neither went for him, nor for the Parſon:
I am glad to ſee your Worſhip is ſo merrie. *Knocke.*

Piſa. Hence you forgetfull dolt;
Looke downe who knockes? *Exit Antho.*

Enter Friſco.

Friſc. Oh Maiſter, hange your ſelfe: nay neuer ſtay for a Seſsions: Maiſter *Vandalle* confeſſe your ſelfe, deſire the people to pray for you; for your Bride ſhee is gone: *Laurentia* is run away.

Vanda. Oh de Diabolo, de mal-fortune: is matreſſe *Laurentia* gaen awech?

Piſa. Firſt tell mee that I am a liueleſſe coarſe;
Tell mee of Doomes-day, tell mee what you will,
Before you ſay *Laurentia* is gone.

Mari. Maiſter *Vandalle*, how doe you feele your ſelfe?
What, hang the head? fie man for ſhame I ſay,
Looke not ſo heauie on your marriage day.

Haru.

Harn. Oh blame him not, his griefe is quickly ſpide,
That is a Bridegroome, and yet wants his Bride.

Enter Heigham, Laurentia, Balſaro, & Anthony.

Balſ. Maiſter *Piſaro*, and Gentlemen, good day to all:
According ſir, as you requeſted mee,
This morne I made repaire vnto the Tower,
Where as *Laurentia* now was married:
And ſir, I did expect your comming thither;
Yet in your abſence, wee perform'd the rites:
Therefore I pray ſir, bid God giue them ioy.

Heigh. He tels you true, *Laurentia* is my Wife;
Who knowing that her Siſters muſt be wed;
Preſuming alſo, that you'le bid her welcome,
Are come to beare them company to Church.

Harn. You come too late, the Mariage rites are done:
Yet welcome twenty-fold vnto the Feaſt.
How ſay you ſirs, did not I tell you true,
Theſe Wenches would haue vs, and none of you.

Laur. I cannot ſay for theſe; but on my life,
This loues a Cuſhion better then a Wife.

Mall. And reaſon too, that Cuſhion fell out right,
Elſe hard had been his lodging all laſt night.

Balſ. Maiſter *Piſaro*, why ſtand you ſpeachleſſe thus?

Piſa. Anger, and extreame griefe enforceth mee.
Pray ſir, who bade you meete mee at the Tower?

Balſ. Who ſir; your man ſir, *Mowche*; here he is.

Anth. Who I ſir, meane you mee? you are a ieſting man.

Piſa. Thou art a Villaine, a diſſembling Wretch,
Worſer then *Anthony* whom I kept laſt:
Fetch me an Officer, Ile hamper you,
And make you ſing at *Bride-well* for this tricke:
For well he hath deſerude it, that would ſweare
He went not foorth a dores at my appoyntment.

Anth. So ſweare I ſtill, I went not foorth to day.

Balſ. Why arrant lyer, wert thou not with mee?
Piſa. How ſay you maiſter *Browne*, went he not foorth?
Brow. Hee, or his likeneſſe did, I know not whether.
Piſa. What likeneſſe can there be beſides himſelfe?
Laur. My ſelfe (forſooth) that tooke his ſhape vpon me,
I was that *Mowche* that you ſent from home:
And that ſame *Mowche* that deceiued you,
Effected to poſſeſſe this Gentleman:
Which to attaine, I thus be guil'd you all.
Priſc. This is excellent, this is as fine as a Fiddle: you M. *Heigham* got the Wench in *Mowches* apparell; now let *Mowche* put on her apparell, and be married to the *Dutch-man*: How thinke you, is it not a good vize?
Moor. Maiſter *Piſaro*, ſhake off melancholy,
When thinges are helpeleſſe, patience muſt be vſ'd.
Piſa. Talke of Patience? Ile not beare theſe wronges:
Goe call downe *Matt*, and miſtris *Suſan Moore*,
Tis well that of all three, wee haue one ſure.
Moor. Miſtris *Suſan Moore*, who doe you meane ſir?
Piſa. Whom ſhould I meane ſir, but your Daughter?
Moor. You'r very pleaſant ſir: but tell me this,
When did you ſee her, that you ſpeake of her?
Piſa. I, late yeſter-night, when ſhe came heere to bed.
Moor. You are deceiu'd, my Daughter lay not heere,
But watch'd with her ſicke mother all laſt night.
Piſa. I am glad you are ſo pleaſant M. *Moore*,
You'r loth that *Suſan* ſhould be held a ſluggard:
What man, t'was late before ſhe went to bed,
And therefore time enough to riſe againe.
Moor. Maiſter *Piſaro*, doe you floute your friends;
I well perceiue if I had troubled you,
I ſhould haue had it in my diſh ere now:
Suſan lie heere? 'am ſure when I came foorth,
I left her faſt aſleepe in bed at home;
Tis more then neighbour-hood to vſe me thus.

Piſa.

Piſa. Abed at your houſe? tell me I am madd,
Did not I let her in adores my ſelfe,
Spoke to her, talk'd with her, and canuaſt with her;
And yet ſhe lay not heere? What ſay you ſirra?

Antho. She did, ſhe did; I brought her to her Chamber.

Moor. I ſay he lyes (that ſayth ſo) in his throat.

Antho. Maſſe now I remember me, I lye indeed.

Piſa. Oh how this frets mee: *Friſco*, what ſay you?

Friſc. What ſay I? Marry I ſay, if ſhee lay not heere, there was a familiar in her likeneſſe; for I am ſure my Maiſter and ſhe were ſo familiar togeather, that he had almoſt ſhot the Gout out of his Toes endes, to make the Wench beleeue he had one tricke of youth in him. Yet now I remember mee ſhee did not lye heere; and the reaſon is, becauſe ſhee doth lye heere, and is now abed with miſtris *Mathea*; witneſſe whereof, I haue ſet to my Hand & Seale, and meane preſently to fetch her. *Exit Friſco.*

Piſa. Doe ſo *Friſco*. Gentlemen and Friends,
Now ſhall you ſee how I am wrong'd by him.
Lay ſhee not heere? I thinke the world's growne wiſe,
Plaine folkes (as I) ſhall not know how to liue.

Enter Friſco.

Friſc. Shee comes, ſhee comes: a Hall, a Hall.

Enter Mat'ea and Walgraue in Womans attire.

Walg. Nay bluſh not wench, feare not, looke chearfully.
Good morrow Father; Good morrow Gentlemen:
Nay ſtare not, looke you heere, no monſter I,
But euen plaine *Ned*: and heere ſtands *Matt* my Wife.
Know you her *Frenchman?* But ſhe know es me better.
Father, pray Father, let mee haue your bleſsing,
For I haue bleſt you with a goodly Sonne;
Tis breeding heere yfayth, a iolly Boy.

Piſa. I am vndone, a reprobate, a ſlaue;
A ſcorne, a laughter, and a ieſting ſtocke:
Giue mee my Child, giue mee my Daughter from you.

Moore.

Moor. Maiſter *Piſaro*, tis in vaine to fret,
And fume, and ſtorme, it little now auayles:
Theſe Gentlemen haue with your Daughters helpe,
Outſtript you in your ſubtile enterpriſes:
And therefore, ſeeing they are well deſcended,
Turne hate to loue, and let them haue their Loues.

Piſa. Is it euen ſo; why then I ſee that ſtill,
Doe what we can, Women will haue their Will.
Gentlemen, you haue outreacht mee now,
Which nere before you, any yet could doe:
You, that I thought ſhould be my Sonnes indeed,
Muſt be content, ſince there's no hope to ſpeed:
Others haue got, what you did thinke to gaine;
And yet beleeue mee, they haue tooke ſome paine.
Well, take them, there; and with them, God giue ioy.
And Gentlemen, I doe intreat to morrow,
That you will Feaſte with mee, for all this ſorrow:
Though you are wedded, yet the Feaſt's not made:
Come let vs in, for all the ſtormes are paſt,
And heapes of ioy will follow on as faſt.

FINIS.

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